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MONEY BACK IF NOT AMAZED AND DELIGHTED

The People

London Edition

SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1939

No. 3006 58th Year

OVER 3,000,000 CERTIFIED SALE

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2D

IT'S CLEAR-IT'S GOOD

NICHOLSON'S

★ GIN ★

BEATING
BETTY
IS HOT
WORK

New York Gives The King And Queen The Wildest Welcome In History

CROWD SINGS "LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART"

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, Saturday.

NEW YORKERS—4,000,000 OF THEM—SURRENDERED TO THE QUEEN'S WINSOME CHARM TO-DAY WHEN SHE AND THE KING RECEIVED THE MIGHTIEST WELCOME IN WORLD HISTORY.

When their Majesties landed at the Battery, Manhattan, among those presented to the Queen was Mr. Stanley Howe, secretary to Mayor La Guardia. Mr. Howe smiled at Her Majesty, said:

"All New Yorkers are in love with you already and you have been here only four minutes."

The Queen smiled back at Mr. Howe. "Isn't that a lovely thing for you to say," she said.

But an even greater demonstration of New York's love for the Queen was to follow. After the Royal procession had driven in triumph through millions of cheering, roaring New Yorkers, their Majesties arrived at the World's Fair.

While they were lunching there bands outside the Court of Peace played popular tunes.

One of the bands began enthusiastically to play "Let me call you sweetheart." The air appealed to the crowd and thousands of voices sang it in unison, the minds of the singers fixed on the Queen.

That incident was symbolical of the warm-hearted way in which the city had gone mad over the Royal visit. So wild had been the greeting of the millions who lined the route from the Battery to the Fair that the Royal procession had arrived at the Fair well behind schedule.

CHEERING MILLIONS

To-day was historic. It marked the complete conquest by Royalty of American democracy. Press and public, the socially elite "Four Hundred," the humblest of New-Yorkers, even those unable to speak the King's English, were united in this incomparable demonstration of a nation's friendly regard.

New York, the Battery, Pier No. 1, North River, 11.15 a.m. (American Time). . . . Breasting the glittering waters of the Hudson River, came the U.S. destroyer Warrington. Around her steamed an escort of warships; over her roared fighting planes, the pick of America's air armada.

From the mainmast of the destroyer fluttered the Royal Standard—the first time it had ever flown over an American warship. Her decks were lined with sailors dressed in white, and every bit of metal work shone and winked in the sunlight. The strains of "Rule, Britannia," played by a Marine band, came over the water.

Slowly Warrington moved over the Bay. On her bridge stood King George and Queen Elizabeth, catching their first glimpse of New York's wonderful panorama.

Amid the wild thunder of greeting Warrington crept slowly to her appointed berth.

The King and Queen did not know it, but among those who packed every available inch of space at the Battery were some who had taken up their position long before dawn; and from six in the morning all river craft had been barred from approaching the pier.

Hawsters were made fast as the strains of "God Save the King" came crashing out over the roar of the crowd. And down the destroyer's gangway came the Royal visitors, the Queen wearing a pale blue dress and blue hat. And the King dressed in a grey morning suit and wearing a grey top hat.

NOISE—NOISE—NOISE!

The Queen, looking dainty and cool in the sunshine, despite a temperature of 95 in the shade, smiled happily when La Guardia made her welcome.

Slowly, responding to the ear-splitting welcome, the Royal couple moved to the shining cars which were to carry them in triumphant procession through the city to the World Fair.

The cavalcade set off. Noise—noise—noise. If ever a city opened its heart to people it loved and admired surely that city was New York on this historic day in June.

Although there had been an appeal not to use ticker tape—New York's traditional form of greeting—the paper shower poured down from the high buildings around as the procession moved off.

Through streets gay with bunting, through canyons of high, frowning buildings of granite and stone, with ever the crowds roaring themselves hoarse, and ever the welcome growing in volume, the King and Queen swept in majesty.

On through Central Park the wonder of the welcome continued. The Park was a bewildering sea of waving flags. Stars and Stripes kissed Union Jacks as they fluttered in the chubby hands of a million bright-eyed kiddies. The Queen's eyes, too, were bright as the treble of the children's voices swept over the car, reminding her of her own children waiting so impatiently for her return to London.

New York let itself go with a roar. The pandemonium of noise could be heard miles away. Sirens—and many buildings right inside the city have sirens and use them—whistles, car-hooters, and the roar of the crowd itself, all made a wave of sound that billowed upwards and swept from one side of Manhattan to the other. The effect of the steady roar was almost indescribable.

(Continued in Page Three, Cols. Three and Four.)

THE SUN
SHINES
ON
THE BRIDE



Miss Arbuthnot was a smiling bride at her marriage at St. Mary's, Moorfields, London, E.C., yesterday, to Mr. R. Kitoe.

Dash From
Blazing Pier

Trapped Women Jump Into Sea

From Our Own Correspondent

Hunstanton, Saturday.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS DASHED FOR SAFETY FROM HUNSTANTON PIER, WHICH WAS BADLY DAMAGED BY FIRE TO-DAY.

Two women, trapped on the end of the pier, were so terrified that they jumped into the sea 20 ft. below.

They were rescued by people on the beach and taken to a local doctor's house.

They were Miss Winifred Taylor, of Wembley, and Miss Doris Bassford. The water at the point where they jumped was 4 ft. deep.

Flames rapidly gained a strong hold on the concert hall and tea-room, which were destroyed. All the firemen could do was to save the long approach.

"The blaze could be seen for miles, and the whole town—residents and weekend visitors—flocked to the sea front. Every policeman in the town was needed to control the traffic jams and masses of people," a woman eye-witness told me. "Apparently the fire started at the sea end, and the tea-room and concert hall suffered most. Parts of the structure fell into the sea."

Firemen had to wade into the sea and play their hoses from there."

Drama Of Briton's Isle Escape

Liverpool, Saturday.

ONLY by boarding a liner as a visitor; hiding, and then, later, offering his fare to the Captain, was a smartly-dressed Briton, who arrived at Liverpool to-day, able to leave Las Palmas.

Hea is Mr. Charles E. Gray, whose family live at Newton Abbot. He said that he was going to the Foreign Office next week to make a statement.

"What has already appeared in the Press is totally untrue," he declared. "It was reported that he feared attempt on his life by Nazi and Spanish agents."

It is understood that Mr. Gray had been worried recently by suggestions in Las Palmas that he was to be sent to a concentration camp.

He became anxious when there were repeated delays in obtaining a safe-conduct pass, and decided to board the Elder Dempster liner Apapa without one.

Cat on Royal Carpet

But It Didn't See The King

New York, Saturday.

USING ITS PREROGATIVE TO LOOK AT THE KING, A NONDESCRIPT ALLEY CAT CURLED UP FOR A NAP ON THE RED CARPET SPREAD FOR THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE BATTERY. POLICE SHOOTS IT AWAY.

Here are some other incidents connected with the Royal visit to the U.S.A.:

Excited women souvenir-hunters seized a bouquet of red roses presented to the Queen. Her Majesty had forgotten the bouquet as she left the pier at The Battery.

A coastguard official picked it up; but he kept it for two minutes only. Then a crowd of women mobbed him and seized the blooms as souvenirs.

Souvenir-hunters in New Jersey placed copper coins on the railway tracks to be flattened by the Royal train.

Free tickets to see their Majesties drive by on the westside elevated highway were sold at a dollar (4s.) each by speculators.

"Her Majesty looked the part of the fairy queen which most children dream about," wrote Mrs. Roosevelt in her newspaper column, describing the Queen's appearance at the State banquet at the White House on Friday night.

John Draganza, a member of the Civilian Conservation Corps Camp at Hunter (Virginia), who shook hands with the King, later did a roaring trade with friends, retailing handshakes in exchange for packets of cigarettes and even for a free shoe-shine.

One of the waiters at the New York luncheon was John Lewis, formerly a steward at Glamis Castle, home of the Earl of Strathmore, the Queen's father.

The procession of ships that sailed up the Hudson from Fort Hancock during the Royal visit was the most cheerful Armada that ever set sail. The official ships were escorted by pleasure steamers perilously weighted down on one side by dense crowds.

Private speed boats, some containing girls in scanty bathing costumes, dived in and out.

Overhead circled an Air Force escort and three silver Blimps glistening in the brilliant sunshine.

The King and Queen will enjoy an American delicacy when they picnic at Hyde Park, the home of the Roosevelt, to-morrow. A lorry-load of water melons is being delivered at Hyde Park during the night, the gift of American growers. Mrs. Roosevelt promptly accepted the offer when it was made to day, saying she was delighted at the opportunity to give her Royal guests such a delicacy so early in the season.

In volume of noise, the reception of the Royal visitors in Manhattan and at the World's Fair far exceeded Washington's welcome. The cheering and the sirens could be heard in one great roar of sound eight miles away.—Reuter and B.U.P.

SUTCLIFFE'S 50,000 RUNS!

YESTERDAY at Lord's, Herbert Sutcliffe, the veteran Yorkshire batsman, in scoring 175, completed the grand aggregate of 50,000 runs. In this achievement he joins five other batsmen who have done the same, with this difference, that he has completed the feat in twenty years, against the twenty-nine taken by Hobbs, thirty-one by Hendren and Mead, and thirty-two by Frank Woolley.

(See story in sports pages.)

HEAVY FIGHTING IN BIG JAPANESE DRIVE

Chungking, Saturday.

Very severe fighting is reported from West Shansi Province, where Japanese forces are launching a big drive in an attempt to capture the important Yellow River crossing at Chuntu.

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THE NEW AND AMAZING 'NATURELONE' a boon for near and distant range. Whether young, middle-aged, or elderly—rich or poor—suffering from slight or acute deafness (head noises)—using an aid or not—don't miss the opportunity to try the new 'Ardenite' way to better hearing. With the 'Bonadente' type there is

NOTHING IN OR ON THE EARS and with 'Naturelone' just the merest 'pip' fits your ear comfortably and almost invisibly.

NO HEAD-BANDS, EARWIRES OR LORNETTES New hearing is yours for the asking—Conversation, Music, Radio, Church, Talks, Shopping, Street Safety, Doorbells, Children's Voices, Clock Ticks, Telephones, are again yours to hear, so simply that you forget your handicap and your friends don't realise your affliction.

BRITISH BEST AND GUARANTEED, 10 MEDALS & 5 DIPLOMAS.

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P.11/38 PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

If Militiamen Are Sacked

£50 FINE FOR EMPLOYERS

EMPLOYERS WHO MAY CONTEMPLATE THE DISMISSAL OF YOUNG MEN BECAUSE THEY ARE ABOUT TO BE CALLED UP FOR MILITARY SERVICE, OR BECAUSE THEY WOULD LIKE TO EVADE THE LEGAL OBLIGATION TO REINSTATE SUCH MEN AFTER SERVICE, WILL FIND THEIR POLICY BOTH DIFFICULT AND EXPENSIVE.

Under regulations issued yesterday by the Minister of Labour, an employer will be liable to a fine of £50 and may be ordered to pay a sum not exceeding twelve weeks' pay of an employee if he terminates the employment of any person:

By reason of any duties or liabilities which the person is, or may become, liable to perform or discharge by virtue of the provisions of the Military Training of the Reserve and Auxiliary Forces Act; or.

In order to evade the obligations contained in the Acts with regard to the reinstatement of such employees.

METHOD OF PROOF

Proof of what constitutes termination of employment is defined as follows:

"In any proceedings for an offence under these regulations, if the court before whom the proceedings are taken is of opinion that there is reasonable cause to believe that the duties or liabilities aforesaid caused or contributed to the termination of the employment, or that the employment was terminated in order to evade the obligations aforesaid, the employment shall be deemed to have been terminated by reason of such duties or liabilities in order to evade such obligations unless the employer proves that the termination was for a reason unconnected therewith."

The regulations would only apply to a case where the employment has been terminated before the date upon which the person employed was called up for service.

RAIN!— BUT NOT IN THE SOUTH

RAIN, the first measurable quantity for 24 days, fell yesterday in North-West England and in Scotland.

In the south, however, the sun still held undisputed sway, and London was the hottest place in the country.

Oban and Troon, on the west coast of Scotland, had the heaviest rainfall.

The heaviest in England was at Morecambe, Lancs. Manchester, not to be outdone, also got a share.

In London the thermometer rose to 78 degs., 14 higher than on Friday.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER

Moderate north-west to west winds; cloudy early, with perhaps slight rain locally; fair later; much cooler.

Union Wants £2 Minimum For Women

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union, announced yesterday that the Union Executive is to organise a movement of women in an attempt to establish at least a £2-a-week minimum for adult women engaged on adult work.

The production of women in industry, he said, had been increased even more than that of men by modern machinery.

Their wages had always been influenced by the miserably low standards which existed before 1914 and had no relation to-day to their output in modern industry.

Mr. Bevin was addressing the annual

Conference of Government Workers at Transport House.

He attacked what he described as the wretched conditions of sweated labour in some branches of the Government service.

For some time, he said, the Union Executive had had it in mind that both Government and municipal services should be segregated in a special department in the Union. He hoped very shortly to establish a definite group with representation on the Council itself.

RADIO PROGRAMMES AND BIG CASH PRIZE CONTEST IN PAGE EIGHTEEN

White Slave Gang's New Dodge

CHEAP HOLIDAY-HOME LURE

Britain's Shyest Beauties

SHYEST GIRLS IN BRITAIN SEEM TO LIVE AT EAST MOLESEY, SURREY.
For weeks Molesey Carnival Committee have been waiting for applicants for the post of Carnival Queen.
Not a candidate has come forward.

What Ministers Said Yesterday

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

IN speeches in various parts of the country yesterday Ministers dealt with international affairs. Here are some of the points they made:—

Lord Chatfield, Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence (at Craigforth): "If we have, unhappily, to fight again, it will be because of our sense of honour and justice, and the cause will be one which every citizen in this country will know as a cause which is right."

Mr. Elliot, Minister of Health (at Wrexham): "Hut extensions to hospitals, erected in connection with A.R.P. could be utilized at once as additional ward accommodation, built at the Government's cost. To staff these new beds more nurses are wanted."

Earl de la Warr, President of the Board of Education (at Clayesmore): "The decision that this country shall continue to play its part (in dealing with world problems) is one the coming generation must prepare itself to make. In the old days one went out into the world wearing the old school tie and knowing one would drop into a good job. It is not the same to-day."

Mr. Anthony Eden (Grove Park, near Warwick): "Having once taken the decision (to guarantee Poland and Rumania) there can be no turning back. Having decided to build up a peace front it would be wildest folly not to include in it all nations who have no aggressive aims and who are prepared to join, whatever their political colour."

£1,000 FOR HOUSEKEEPER

From her estate of £2,255, Mrs. Emma Elizabeth Helme, of Warbeck Hill-rd., Blackpool, left £1,000 and certain effects to her housekeeper, Sarah Ann Jones.



NEW TENNIS PARTNERSHIP

Jean Nicholl, England's young tennis hope, has now teamed up with Alice Marble (left), the famous American player, with whom she hopes to pull off a title in her first appearance in the Wimbledon Championships.

BRITISH GIRLS ENTICED TO THE CONTINENT

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

FRENCH POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING A NUMBER OF COMPLAINTS REGARDING THE EXPERIENCES OF BRITISH GIRLS WHO HAVE BEEN ENTICED TO THE CONTINENT BY THE LURE OF CHEAP HOLIDAY-HOMES.

It is understood that similar complaints have been made regarding establishments in Belgium.

According to the French Sûreté Nationale, there is a chain of these alleged homes all over France and other parts of Europe. It is believed that they have been organised by a syndicate which has been known to the Continental police for years as being actively engaged in the white-slave traffic.

The head of the organisation is said to be an Englishwoman who got into trouble with the police in Manchester for similar activities, and has been settled in France for several years.

It is stated that girls lured to these "homes" are offered attractive posts as dancing partners or music-hall artists, but only when they reach their destination do they realise the real nature of their engagements.

VEILED "MATRON"

The "homes" are generally superintended by a matron in nun's veiling, and this disarms suspicion and makes the victim listen when it is explained to her that she can have a well-paid appointment for the asking.

Judging by the number of complaints reaching the French police the trick seems to be carried on on a large scale. Some of the girls have been sent to the Argentine, and the stories those who have been rescued have told the police are declared by expert officers, used to the traffic, as being among the worst they have heard.

Several of the "homes" have been raided and those running them arrested, but, so far, the woman head of the syndicate has not been traced.

UNDERGRADUATE HAD TO BE HANDCUFFED

From Our Own Correspondent

Cambridge, Saturday.

AN undergraduate who wanted to fight other undergraduates was at Cambridge Police Court to-day charged with being drunk and disorderly, with using obscene language and with assaulting and resisting a police sergeant.

On the application of his solicitor the accused man, Benedict Henry Beresford, was remanded for a week.

A police officer said Beresford was trying to fight undergraduates outside a café where the Cambridge Medical Society hall was taking place.

Police attempted to quieten him, but he insisted he was going to fight and used obscene language.

At the police station, in order to restrain him, he had to be handcuffed.

STUDIES IN GRACE



Hindu To Do Rope Trick Here

Challenge To Our Magicians

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

THE MOST-DISCUSSSED "ILLUSION" IN THE WORLD—THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK—IS SOON TO BE PERFORMED IN BRITAIN BY A HINDU MAGICIAN, PROFESSOR P. C. SARKAR. THIS FEAT CONSISTS OF MAKING AN ORDINARY ROPE STAND STRAIGHT UP IN THE AIR WITHOUT ANY VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT. AN ASSISTANT THEN CLIMBS THE ROPE AND VANISHES FROM SIGHT.

Professor Sarkar, who is shortly coming to this country, declared in an interview: "I can do the rope trick. I challenge the Occult Committee of the London Magicians' Club to arrange a public demonstration of my show."

He added: "I claim to be the only man in the world to-day able to perform this trick, the secret of which many famous magicians have failed to obtain, despite the expenditure of much time and money."

It is claimed that Professor Sarkar, without any fuss, can:

Lick a red-hot iron bar;
Drink all kinds of acids and poisonous drugs;
Eat a mixture of broken glass, pins, needles and deadly snakes;
Swallow red-hot liquid lead; and
Walk on fire.

JOINING A MAN'S TONGUE

He challenges any magician to duplicate his feat of cutting and rejoining the tongue of a man in a hypnotic trance.

"I will hypnotise any member of the audience," he declared, "and he will lie in a trance. A body of responsible medical men and scientists forming a committee will feel his pulse."

"It will beat faster and faster and then will completely stop. A surgeon will sever the tip of the tongue and I will join it again. I have performed this feat in many parts of India, Burma and the Shan States."

Shankaracharya, the great Hindu mystic philosopher, wrote about the rope trick more than a thousand years ago.



TWO BAGS FULL

And both for the Sheffield Sea Cadet arriving in camp at Hope, Derbyshire, evidently out for a good time.

GARDENERS MAY FIND CLUE

From Our Own Correspondent.

Poole, Saturday.

PEOPLE in this neighbourhood have been asked to keep a sharp lookout while they are doing their week-end gardening.

The police hope that one of them will find among his flowers the hammer with which the sixty-four-year-old Walter Dinnivan was murdered three weeks ago.

It is thought the murderer may have flung the weapon into a garden as he fled from his victim's flat.

If this search fails, the police will take the public into their confidence regarding certain other clues now in their possession.

BLIND "ETON'S" "OLD BOYS" TRIUMPHS

From Our Own Correspondent

Worcester, Saturday.

Nearly 30 "old boys" of the blind "Eton" are clergymen; 16 are practising as solicitors; six more are articled to solicitors; eight are teachers, and 16 are in practice as masseurs.

These facts were revealed here to-day by Mr. B. O. Bradnack, headmaster of Worcester College, when Earl Baldwin opened a new wing.

Discussing successes that had been achieved by blind people in the professions and in learning, Mr. Bradnack said that one "old boy" had, in the past two terms, won the Younger Prize for the best law student of his year at Balliol.

Our New Prize Offer

CROSSWORD WAY TO HOLIDAY

ALL THE INDICATIONS ARE THAT FINE WEATHER IS AHEAD—AND ALL THE THOUGHTS OF HEADS OF FAMILIES ARE CONCENTRATED ON WORKING OUT WAYS AND MEANS OF MEETING THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY BILLS.

But why worry? "The People," each week, provides a splendid, pleasurable solution to every money problem.

And, at holiday time, this week's prize offer will make a special appeal.

It is an offer that will remove all your holiday cares and will make "Blue skies just round the corner" a reality instead of a song.

Our offer this week comprises a cruise for four people to the Norwegian fjords with £1,000 in cash, or, alternatively, the winner may have £1,250 in cash.

In addition, there are valuable and useful prizes for runners-up—articles that will enhance the home.

As Crossword Competition No. 155 did not close until yesterday, the winners' names and winning square will not appear until next Sunday.

First runners-up receive one of the following articles:—

China tea service (40 pieces), half dinner service crystal set, easy chair, four dining-room chairs, firescreen, coffee table and card table, canteen of cutlery, camera, mantel clock, tennis racquet, pair of mohair rugs, picnic basket, raincoat, bed linen set, A.R.P. emergency ration box, six pairs silk stockings.

Second runners-up receive—ladies, summer handbag; gentlemen, tie press. Now turn to Page Eighteen and win one of these splendid prizes.

To obtain free Crossword advice send for "The Competitors' World." Write to "The People," Competition Department, 6, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Enclose a 6d. P.O. (crossed & Co.) and made payable to Odhams Press Ltd.) for postage only and you will receive a copy each week for 12 weeks.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS IN POSTMAN'S HOME

—Court Statement

From Our Own Correspondent

Sheffield, Saturday.

WHEN Arnold Morton, aged thirty-eight, a postman, was accused here to-day of stealing a letter containing a postal order, it was alleged that in his home were found enough stolen letters to fill a mail-van.

The letters, which numbered several thousand, had accumulated over six months, said a detective describing a raid on Morton's house in Mitchell-st. They were found in boxes, in a pair of boots and on top of a wardrobe.

Morton was remanded on bail until next Friday.

25 RIOTERS INJURED

Lucknow, Saturday.

Twenty-five people were injured in rioting between rival Moslem sets here, and the police made 29 arrests.—Reuter.

Minister Worked As Half-Timer At Ten

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Bradford, Saturday.

HERE IS THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SIR WALTER JAMES WOMERSLEY, THE NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTER, WHOSE CAREER EXEMPLIFIES WHAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED BY GRIT AND DETERMINATION.

A native of Bradford, he went to work as a half-timer in a factory when only ten. He left school entirely at twelve and became a shop boy.

Within four years he was manager of a branch shop, and at eighteen he was in sole charge of the principal shop of his employer.

He was only twenty-one when he entered business on his own account at Hull, and later moved to Grimsby.

FISHERMAN'S FRIEND

In 1921 Walter Womersley was elected to Grimsby Town Council, and the following year he was Mayor!

In 1924 he became M.P. for Grimsby. He was knighted in 1934.

Sir Walter, who became Assistant Postmaster-General in 1935, is recognised as a leading spokesman for the fishing



Sir Walter Womersley, M.P.

average housewife

on behalf of those engaged in the fishing industry earned him the title of "The Fisherman's Friend."

His intimate knowledge of domestic politics was strikingly revealed during a debate in the House of Commons on the proposal to safeguard enamelled hollow-ware.

"I have sold pots and pans over the counter," declared Sir Walter, "and know precisely what the wants."

Physical Training's our favourite subject—that's why 'Shredded Wheat' is such a firm favourite with us!

SAYS SCHOOL TEAM LEADER

On all sides today health authorities are emphasising the importance of combining regular exercise with the right nutritive diet. Both should go hand in hand if sound health and fitness are to follow. That is why Shredded Wheat is so strongly advised. This pure whole wheat food provides in a complete and delicious form the Five Food Values vital to perfect bodily sustenance. These are the Vitamin B for growth; Proteins for body-building; Mineral Salts for new tissues; Carbo-hydrates for energy; Bran for regularity. By serving Shredded Wheat every day you make sure that all the family has its proper share of those beneficial elements that promote health, strength and stamina. Of all grocers Eightpence a packet.

SHREDDED WHEAT

THE FOOD FOR GENERAL FITNESS

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. (Printed)

Post-Box Bomb Hunt In Five Cities

ON TRACK OF I.R.A. TERRORISTS

MORE FIRES AS THE POLICE NET EXTENDS

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

WHILE SCOTLAND YARD, POLICE IN LONDON AND FOUR PROVINCIAL CITIES AND POSTAL AUTHORITIES WERE EXTENDING THEIR SEARCH FOR AND PRECAUTIONS AGAINST I.R.A. TERRORISTS YESTERDAY, MORE OUTRAGES WERE ADDED TO THE FORMIDABLE OVERNIGHT TOTAL.

A mailbag found smouldering on the travelling post office for Scotland at Euston was found to contain a rubber bomb in an envelope.

A pillar-box at Mitcham-lane, Streatham, S.W., was found on fire about the same time that a parcel exploded at the West Central District Post Office in Hyde-st.

Later special branch officers of Scotland Yard visited flats in Baldwin-gdns., Holborn.

Fifteen officers spent some time inside and took away a quantity of material in the vans.

London uniformed police and detectives have had their week-end leave cancelled to enable them to continue the search for the headquarters of the terrorists.

By making each of the 20 divisions of the Metropolitan police responsible for the comb-out and inquiries in its own area, with Scotland Yard employed on a general plan of investigation, Sir Norman Kendall, head of the C.I.D., hopes to avoid overlapping and employ the whole police resources to the fullest capacity in the task of locating the meeting-place of the conspirators.

Searches also took place in Manchester, Birmingham, Lincoln and Leicester, where pillar-box outrages had been reported.

SLIGHT DAMAGE

Meanwhile the Post Office gave an assurance that the I.R.A. terrorist attempt to destroy the mails in these cities as well as in London had failed.

"Reports received from London districts and other parts of the country show that the amount of mail damaged is negligible," said an official.

"Most of the damaged mail is now being repaired by the Post Office, and will be sent on to the addressees. Pillar-boxes in which the 'bombs' were found were not seriously damaged. They have been cleaned out, and are now in service again.

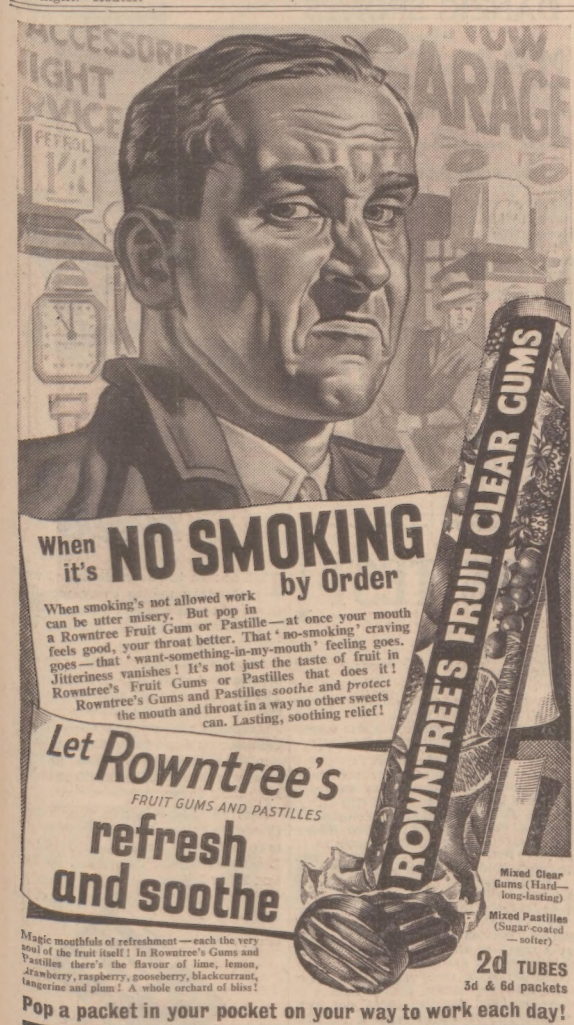
"The Post Office has made arrangements to supplement its fire-fighting equipment in the sorting offices."

The pillar-box bomb campaign began within a few hours after sentence had been passed at Stirling on four men found guilty on charges connected with explosives.

The sentences on the men were ten, seven and five years' penal servitude. The fourth man was given eighteen months' imprisonment.

BELGIAN A.R.P. BLACK-OUT

Brussels, Saturday. A.R.P. exercises, including "black-outs," were held in five Belgian provinces last night.—Reuter.



When it's NO SMOKING by Order

When smoking's not allowed work can be utter misery. But pop in a Rowntree's Fruit Gum or Pastille—at once your mouth feels good, your throat better. That "no-smoking" craving goes— that "want-something-in-my-mouth" feeling goes. Jitteriness vanishes! It's not just the taste of fruit in Rowntree's Fruit Gums or Pastilles that does it! Rowntree's Fruit Gums and Pastilles soothe and protect the mouth and throat in a way no other sweets can. Lasting, soothing relief!

Let Rowntree's
FRUIT GUMS AND PASTILLES
refresh and soothe

Mixed Clear Gums (Hard—long-lasting)
Mixed Pastilles (Sugar-coated—softer)

2d TUBES
3d & 6d packets

Pop a packet in your pocket on your way to work each day!

Magic mouthfuls of refreshment—each the very soul of the fruit itself! In Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles there's the flavour of lime, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry, blackcurrant, tangerine and plum! A whole orchard of bliss!

Continued from page One

NEW YORKERS CALL IT A DAY

On through the Park, towards the great Triborough Bridge, which spans the East River, the cars moved in stately, conquering style. And always overlooking them were the eyes of detectives and policemen.

Just before the procession reached the bridge the crowd broke through the police lines. They rushed forward scampering to various vantage points and swarmed over the westbound roadway, thus bringing them within a yard or two of the eastbound roadway over which the Royal procession was scheduled to pass.

Some men tried to climb the wire fence which separated the two stretches of roadway, but policemen grabbed them by the seat of their trousers and hauled them down again.

Farther along the same stretch the crowd broke through the police lines where the route entered a short traffic tunnel at an intersection of various roads. Some of them moved up against a concrete retaining wall so that they were in a position to look sharply down on their Majesties' car when it passed.

New York was taking no risks this day—13,400 uniformed police were on duty and 1,700 detectives were stationed in buildings along the route.

And now before their Majesties loomed the trylon and perisphere of the World Fair—a place of wonders, but showing nothing so wonderful as the great heart of the New Yorker.

Guns roared again as the procession halted at the imposing entrance to the Fair. Then an official guard of honour formed around the Royal party and escorted them to Perylon Hall, where Mr. Grover Whalen, president of the Fair, and Mrs. Whalen received them.

BUILDINGS BARRICADED

Luncheon over, the King and Queen visited in turn the British, Canadian and Irish Pavilions, and also inspected the Australian, New Zealand and Colonial exhibits.

To avoid their Majesties being rushed by the crowd—and how the New Yorkers would have loved that!—all buildings the royal visitors entered were barricaded.

At some distance from the King and Queen the enormous throngs, largest since the Fair opened, swayed and jostled like an enormous field sown with human heads. Four thousand city police, aided by 800 Fair police, had an anxious time keeping the crowd back. At times it seemed that they would be swept away by the human tide.

Crowds waited for hours at every point which was to be visited by their Majesties, even though they knew that the glimpse they would get would be but a fleeting one.

Four bands filled the air with swing music, helping the crowd to maintain their good humour.

WHEN THE KING AND QUEEN DID APPEAR THE CROWDS SEEMED WELL REWARDED, FOR THEY CHEERED THEM TO THE ECHO, AND SHOUTS OF "HI YA, KING," AND "HI YA, QUEEN," COULD BE HEARD.

So could such remarks as "She is really beautiful," as a reference to the Queen, whose grace and lovely colouring made another personal conquest for her. Another remark overheard was: "Well, they make a very fine handsome couple."

Although it began to rain slightly about one o'clock the weather was very hot. Thousands of men at the Fair were in their shirtsleeves, while the women were in flowery summer dresses, making the lawns and courts of the Fair a perfect picture. Many women carried parasols, thus copying the Queen's example in Washington.

CONSIDERATE SPECTATORS

After spending nearly two hours at the Fair, the King and Queen drove back through New York. This time the route was changed. It took the royal car along 110th Street, on the fringe of Harlem, the city's Negro centre.

A brief visit was paid to Columbia University, where their Majesties were received by the President of the University, and then, by way of Grant's Tomb, the cars drove through miles of cheering people to Hyde Park, President Roosevelt's country estate, where they stay to-night and to-morrow.

Their Majesties to-day learned that while Americans can be noisy in their welcome they can also be considerate. When the Royal train, after an overnight journey from Washington, arrived at Red Bank, New Jersey, it was backed into a siding for two hours to enable their Majesties to rest before fulfilling the strenuous day's programme that lay ahead.

More than 1,000 people who had gathered to await the arrival of the train remained perfectly quiet so as not to disturb the Royal visitors.

To-night after the Royal pair had left the confines of the city the most relieved New Yorkers were the heads of the police department who, for weeks ahead, had been drawing up plans to safeguard their Majesties.

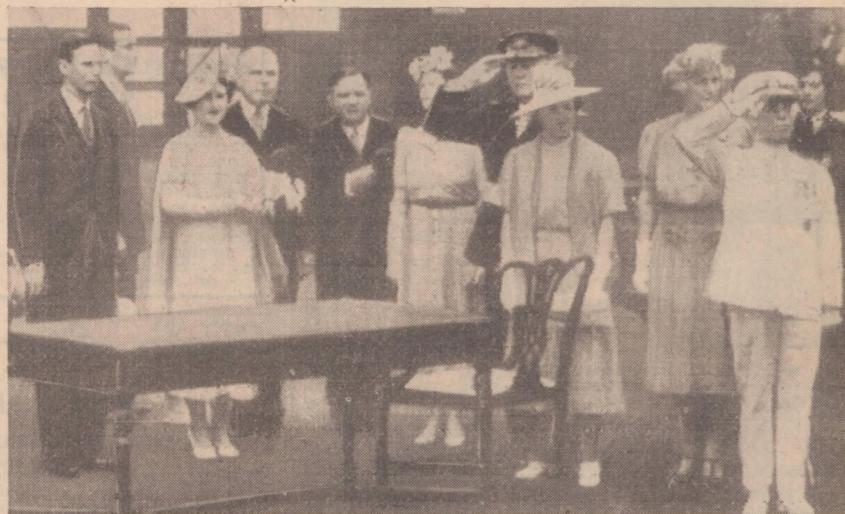
On the road journey to Hyde Park, where their Majesties' hostess is Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt, the President's mother, the route was also guarded.

In the parlance of the New Yorker they could "call it a day"—a day unparalleled in the history of the New and Old Worlds, a day which did more to cement Anglo-American friendship than decades of talk and flag-wagging.

[NEW YORK PRESS COMMENT IN PAGE FOUR]

THEIR MAJESTIES IN NEW YORK

THE welcome for the King and Queen on their arrival at The Battery, New York. Left to right: The King, the Queen, Governor Lehman, of New York, Mayor La Guardia, of New York, Mrs. La Guardia (behind the chair), and Mrs. Lehman, at right, behind figure in white saluting.—Picture by radio.



NURSE BANNED FROM A COUNTY

Truro, Saturday.

ORDERED to keep away from Cornwall for two years, unless she has a specialist's permission to return, a twenty-six-years-old children's nurse, of Perranporth, was to-day bound over at Cornwall Assizes on a charge of publishing defamatory libels. She was also placed under the supervision of a mental specialist.

She was Maud May Spilsby, unmarried, and she pleaded guilty to five charges out of eight preferred against her.

Mr. Anthony Hawke, prosecuting, said there was a Mrs. M. Harwood, who

kept a shop at Perranporth, and when Spilsby was seen by a detective concerning the anonymous letters and cards she said: "Oh, you mean the lady at the scandal shop."

There appeared, said Mr. Hawke, no justification for the libels.

Dr. R. N. Craig, mental and nervous diseases specialist, of Exeter, said Spilsby had been a very bad hysteric subject since the age of eight.

Mr. J. L. Pratt, defending, said Dr. Craig was willing to take charge of Spilsby.

Mr. Justice Hawke told Spilsby: "You have tried to make the lives of perfectly respectable people miserable. There is not a breath of foundation for what you have written. I hope you will justify the merciful view I have taken in this case."



"The landing gets nearer every day—"

IT MUST BE MY DAILY FYNNON!"

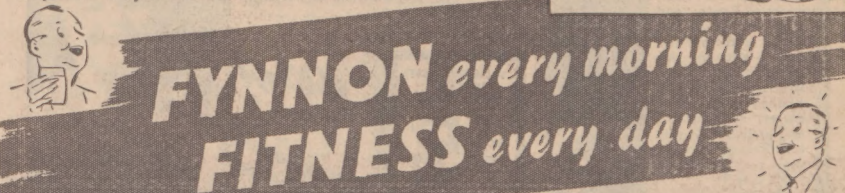
ARE YOU A 3-AT-A-TIME MAN?

What a change Fynnon makes to your health and spirits! Joints that were beginning to "creak with the stairs" soon become loose and supple again. You romp through your work. You enjoy every moment of your life. When you sleep you do sleep, and when you wake you're wide awake.

Nature intends you to be fit. The mineral elements in Fynnon Salt—Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—naturally disperse accumulated waste and acids. And without these enemies, rheumatism, stiffness and excess fat can't keep their hold. A large tin of Fynnon Salt costs 1/3 and lasts a month. Isn't it worth this small outlay to undergo a really effective Spa treatment at home? Get a tin now—and start your "daily Fynnon" to-morrow morning. The dose is a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water.

Good-bye to RHEUMATISM

It's never too late to begin the Fynnon habit. Even long-standing rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are speedily relieved as the valuable minerals in Fynnon uproot and disperse the painful acid formations.



FYNNON every morning
FITNESS every day

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

VALUE!



Here is value far above cost! Improved construction, easier erection, larger size, smarter appearance, deal or cash terms, and all without the slightest increase in price. In addition, a chance to share in our Special Discount Scheme. Write To-day!

FREE Catalogues

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| Greenhouses | 91G | Free | Long Wide 12ft. x 6ft. 43s. 3/0 4/0 |
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Russia Can Mobilise An Army Of At Least 8,000,000 Men

Juliana's Baby On The Screen

A FILM IN COLOUR MADE BY PRINCE BERNHARD, IN WHICH HIS BABY DAUGHTER, PRINCESS BEATRIX, "PLAYS THE LEADING ROLE," IS SHORTLY TO BE SHOWN AT A NUMBER OF KINEMAS IN AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE AND ROTTERDAM.

The film shows the Princess with her mother, Princess Juliana, playing in the park of the Soestdyk Palace.

Photo Starts Fleet Singing

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Weymouth, Saturday. THE photograph of a pretty girl, which dropped from the pocket of Stoker Sidney W. Woods in H.M.S. Repulse, has inspired a waltz song with the refrain "It's Wonderful, Wonderful You," which is being sung to-day in most of the ships of the Home Fleet.

Petty Officer George T. Bond, spare-time pianist-composer in the Repulse, saw a shipmate hand the picture back to Woods, with the remark, "What a nice girl!" And he heard Woods reply, "Yes, she's wonderful."

"That comment stuck in my mind, and the melody came to me while I was having a bath," said Petty Officer Bond. The girl who inspired the song is Miss Bertha Triggs, of Carr-lane, Hoylake, Cheshire.

WILL BRITAIN SAY "THANKS, MUSSO"?

THE Prime Minister is to be asked by Commander Marsden (Con. Chertsey) in the House of Commons to-morrow, whether, in view of the evacuation of the Italian troops from Spain, the Government will send a communication to the Italian Government expressing their appreciation of the manner in which the Italian Government is carrying out the spirit of the Anglo-Italian treaty.

HEAT WAVE!



French Experts See The Soviet's Might

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

THE MUCH DEBATED QUESTION OF RUSSIA'S FIGHTING VALUE IS CLEARED UP BY THE REPORT OF THE FRENCH MILITARY MISSION SENT TO STUDY THE PROBLEM ON THE SPOT.

The present strength of the Russian standing army is 1,500,000, of which a million would be immediately available on the Western front in the event of war.

Counting reservists, this number would rise to at least 8,000,000 in the event of mobilisation, and the coming of age of boys would increase this total by 600,000 a year.

Equipment and munitions in stock are sufficient to supply three million men at the outset of mobilisation, and the well-organised factories are capable of increasing their output so that the entire army could be supplied as fast as mobilised.

Plans are ready for the mobilisation of women to take the place of men called up for service in all branches of industry, thanks to the systematic training for this purpose given in technical schools.

AIR FORCE STRENGTH

It is stated that the discipline of the army is good, and the men and officers efficiently trained. In this respect they compare more than favourably with the army of Czarist days.

The men are said to have entire confidence in their officers, to be well-nourished, and, physically, to be the standard of any other European army without exception.

The Air Force consists of twelve hundred planes, the majority of the most up-to-date type, and the personnel gave the visitors the impression of being highly efficient, an impression strengthened by the fact that Russia can claim the lowest percentage of accidents among her military planes. Machines are being turned out at the rate of five hundred a month, but it is said that this figure could be quadrupled if necessary.

The number of tanks of all types is placed at five thousand, and there are enough machine-guns to permit the allocation of a corps of 500 to each brigade mobilised.

There are up-to-date factories for the production of gas, and the observers claim that the output can be raised to a figure exceeding that achieved by France and Britain combined in the last war.

In addition, both the Western and Eastern Frontiers are protected by a chain of defences which the French experts think are superior to their own much-vaunted Maginot Line.

40,000 STORM TROOPS IN DANZIG SPORTS

Danzig, Saturday.

MORE than 6,000 Nazi Storm Troops from East Prussia, under Herr Viktor Lutze, Chief of Staff of the Reich Storm Troops, have arrived in Danzig to attend the annual S.A. East Prussian sports competitions from June 12 to 14.

About 40,000 Storm Troops from East Prussia are expected to be in the Free City for the sports, which have always previously been held in Königsberg.

A Warsaw message says the Polish Government yesterday rejected the demand of the Danzig Senate for a reduction in the number of Polish Customs officials in the Free City.—Reuter.

ELLIOTT ON FRENCH DERBY FAVOURITE

Chantilly, Saturday.

CHARLES ELLIOTT, who now rides in France, is expected to win the French Derby here to-morrow on M. Marcel Boussac's Pharis. The horse is likely to start favourite.

Germany Holds Her Hand

REPRISALS "OFF" IN BOHEMIA

Prague, Saturday.

THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES HAVE DECIDED TO REFRAIN FROM TAKING ANY FURTHER MEASURES AGAINST THE BOHEMIAN TOWN OF Kladno, 25 MILES FROM PRAGUE, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE ALLEGED MURDER OF THE GERMAN POLICE OFFICER, WILHELM KNIEST.

Severe reprisals had been threatened if the murderers were not arrested by 8 p.m. yesterday, but to-day, this official communique was issued by Baron Von Neurath, former German Ambassador to Britain and now Protector of Bohemia and Moravia:—

"The result of investigations, the attitude of the Czech population and the measures taken by the (Czech) Government of the Protectorate enable the German Reich Protector to abstain from reinforcing the present exceptional measures as contemplated."

The body of Kniest was solemnly conducted to the railway station this morning to be entailed for Leipzig, his home town, where he is to be buried. A wreath from Herr Hitler was placed on the coffin.

WOMAN'S "CONFESSION"

Flowers and wreaths cover the spot where Kniest was killed.

The sale of alcoholic drinks has been prohibited in the district of Kladno. There was a sensation when a woman brought before the magistrates conducting the enquiry declared that she had fired the fatal shot, but it was quickly decided that she was feeble-minded.

Reports circulated abroad of large-scale arrests involving hundreds of people are formally denied.

Reprisals announced after the finding of Kniest's body on Thursday include a ban on all open-air meetings, the closure

of cinemas, theatres, schools and other public places, and certain curfew measures.

Last night, the district of Kladno was ordered to pay a fine of 500,000 Czech crowns (£3,700), most of which must be found by "Jews and supporters of ex-President Benes."

German and Czech police came into collision at Nachod, Northern Bohemia, last night, and a Czech policeman was shot and killed, according to a communique issued here to-day. It reads:—

"According to inquiries which were carried out jointly by German and Czech authorities, the incident was due to a series of deplorable circumstances. The German Reich Protector has given orders that further investigations should be carried out with the utmost severity and speed."

"All persons involved are under arrest."—Reuter.

MUSIC IN THE PARKS

Bands will play in the parks to-day as follows:—

Green Park, Grenadier Guards, 6 to 8. Hyde Park, Bickershaw Colliery, 3 to 5. Kensington Gardens, Irish Guards, 3 to 5.

Regent's Park, Bickershaw Colliery, 6.30 to 9.

Battersea Park, Metropolitan Police; Clapham Common, Camberwell Silver; Golden's Hill, British Legion (British); Hilly Fields, Crystal Palace; Horniman Gardens, Cadogan's Senior; Parliament Hill, British Legion (St. Marybone); Peckham Rye, Davy Jones' Nautical; Springfields Park, 800th Military; Streatham Common, 9th Batt. R.F.; Tooting Common, Watford Silver; Victoria Park, Sergeants' Orchestra; Wandsworth Common, London Transport; Waterlow Park, City Police—7 to 9 p.m.

MOTORING NEWS: By Thomas H. Wisdom

BRITISH CARS IN LE MANS TEST

BRITAIN, HER GREAT MOTOR INDUSTRY AIDED CONSIDERABLY BY MOTOR-RACING IN THE EARLY DAYS, IS RETURNING TO THE MOTOR-TRACKS OF EUROPE.

To-morrow night two big super-streamlined machines will cross the Channel to carry on British tradition in the most exciting of all motor races, the Le Mans 24-hours Grand Prix d'Endurance.

In the great days of the Bentley racing team we won the Le Mans race four years running.

Since then, French and Italian cars have beaten us.

The team crossing the Channel to-morrow night is being run by the man responsible for the long line of Bentley victories.

Capt. W. O. Bentley, famous designer and veteran racing driver, was the founder of the Bentley concern. In the

past few years he has been chief designer to the Lagonda firm and was responsible for the 12-cylinder car which is Britain's fastest production type machine.

The two cars to run at Le Mans, sleek, streamlined green-seaters, painted green Britain's racing colour, are capable of 140 miles an hour, and the 12-cylinder engines, rated at 42 h.p., actually develop more than 260 h.p. when running at 5,500 r.p.m. They will do 113 m.p.h. in third gear.

The leading car will be driven by Arthur Dobson, the man who drove the E.R.A. Britain's only Grand Prix racing car, in its first try-out at Donington yesterday, and Charlie Brackenbury, Brooklands "ace."



Capt. W. Bentley

The second machine will be driven by the racing peers, the Lords Selston and Waleran.

Reserve driver to the team will be tough Percy Maclure, ex-mechanic who has built his own racing cars out of scrap and by brilliant driving has forced his way into the front rank of drivers.

24-HOUR RACE

There are 48 entries for the race, which starts at 4 o'clock on Saturday and ends 24 hours later. Of this entry, 13 are British machines, including a team of three Singers and two Rileys, but we are relying on the Lagondas to defeat the French Delahayes and Darracqs and the Italian Alfa-Romeos.

There is more to Le Mans than merely a grand sporting event. This race is of definite value to the motoring industry. One splendid little family car, the Singer "Bentam," was actually designed as a result of the experience gained in this strenuous event.

The Le Mans race, run over a twisting eight-mile circuit, with a variety of differing road surfaces, tests not only the engine, but transmission and brakes and accessories like wing stays, radiators and fuel tanks.

Best foot forward all morning through—

Thanks to the 30-Second Breakfast

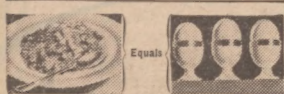
These busy workers get their bounding energy from crisp delicious Kellogg's

IT'S A FACT—the 30-second breakfast is the breakfast that busy people love.

It's not only that Kellogg's give them bounding energy for their work. But they're so crisp, so deliciously fresh and full of flavour. And that freshness is preserved by a special "Waxite" wrapper actually inside the packet.

Then, too, Kellogg's are quick and easy to serve. You pour them straight from packet to plate. No cooking, no messy saucepan to wash-up. And what a saving in gas bills!

Serve a delicious, energy giving 30-second breakfast in your household tomorrow morning. Your family will love Kellogg's. And you'll save all the bother, the time and expense of cooking an elaborate breakfast. Buy Kellogg's from your grocer—only 5jd. a packet.



SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the "30-Second Breakfast"

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 223.26 calories, 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.



SKILL. "You've got to be accurate," says Mr. Laurence Wain, joiner of Leeds, "and I reckon that depends largely on the way you feel. I start my day with Kellogg's and that keeps me feeling grand. Kellogg's are so full of energy, so light and easy to digest. My wife likes Kellogg's too, because they save her so much time."



PALS. There's plenty to do when you're looking after horses—long hours of work, too, as Mr. Draper (above), assistant in a Preston Riding School, has discovered. But he's made another discovery, too. "The best start for the day is a breakfast of Kellogg's," says Mr. Draper. "They keep me going right through the morning. Besides, I like Kellogg's—they taste so crisp and fresh."



HULLO THERE! Miss Puxley, telephone operator of West Ealing (above), puts through and receives hundreds of calls every day. "It's a strenuous job all right," says Miss Puxley, "but a nourishing breakfast of Kellogg's and I'm fit for anything. What's more, I find Kellogg's a boon in the morning—they need no cooking so I can get my breakfast in half a minute and there's no rush getting off to work."

START THE DAY WITH THE 30-SECOND BREAKFAST



LUPIN TIME
A charming study of the Floral Mile at Twyford, Berks, where the lupins are now in full bloom.

SCHOOL FOR DAINTINESS



WEARING UNDIES TWO DAYS RUNNING OFTEN CAUSES SOCIAL SHUNNING

Join the LUX DAILY DIPPERS

IT'S so nice to be fastidious and wear cool, clean undies every morning. Gives you such a luxury feeling. Makes you feel attractive, too, knowing that you're dainty.

And every girl can be dainty and wear clean undies every day—if she uses Lux. The beauty of Lux is that you can dip and dip undies without their losing a suspicion of colour or smartness. That's because you don't get undissolved soap clinging in the fabric with Lux. And Lux preserves the elasticity of all kinds of undies keep their shape.

Just do this—whisk your undies through a froth of Lux suds when you take them off. It lengthens their life and it safeguards your daintiness. So be a Lux Daily Dipper.



A LEVER PRODUCT

LE 2479-374-55

Famous Folk Owe First Chance To This Man HE CAN'T HELP PICKING WINNERS! FILM "TSAR" WHO MAKES THE "STARS"

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

SCORES OF WORLD-FAMOUS SCREEN "STARS," INCLUDING JOAN BLONDELL, SPENCER TRACY, EDWARD ARNOLD, HUMPHREY BOGART AND ERIC BLORE, OWE THEIR FIRST FOOTING ON THE LADDER OF SUCCESS TO ONE MAN—LITTLE SAM SAX, "TSAR" OF WARNER BROTHERS' VAST STUDIOS AT TEDDINGTON.

But, although making even one worth-while screen "discovery" is something of an achievement, Sam is very modest about his skill in "picking winners."

For years, in the days when "talkies" were a novelty, and before that, when Johnny Bunny and Flora Finch were the reigning favourites of the cinema, this short, spectacled, solemn-faced pioneer was sitting at his desk in New York finding new "stars."

He gave tests to men and women whose names are now written in the bright lights in cities and towns all over the world.

"SOMEONE HAD TO" Spencer Tracy. The Yacht Club Boys were passed O.K. by me and I spotted Alan Jenkins," Sam Sax told me. "But I'm not claiming much credit for that. The film industry was new when I started. Someone had to find the winners for the talkies."

Sam, now directing the destinies of Warners' British interests, spends his spare time—though he hasn't got much of it—in "scouting" for talent all over London.

He believes he's found a world success in a little girl called Marjorie Cummins—another "find" from Ireland—but Sam's not talking about that just yet.

"All sorts of folk used to play walk-on parts in the old days," Sam told me. "Why, I remember seeing Trotsky



Sam Sax

on the set. He did a lot of crowd work. Maxim Litvinoff, too, played in the films. You'd scarcely think that possible."

One night Sam went to a night club in New York and saw a beautiful girl singing there. When she joined Sam at his table she told him she was earning about seven pounds a week.

"And that's how I found Dorothy Lamour," the little man muttered. Ask him to tell you stories of the great "stars" when they were just beginning their careers and Sam will surprise you.

"Stories? Why? they just came along, and I hired them, and that was all," he says. "I can't say anyone stuck out more than the rest. They were all good. So what?"

Cupid Went By Train!

Duke's Love At First Sight

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

AS HIS TRAIN PASSED THROUGH DORNOCH STATION, IN SCOTLAND, A YOUNG MAN CAUGHT A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, STANDING ON THE PLATFORM CHATTING TO SOME FRIENDS.

There and then the traveller fell in love with the girl who had never seen before, and he determined to make her acquaintance and win her as his bride.

That was more than fifty years ago. The young man—the Duke of Portland—did make the acquaintance of Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke and married her, and, to-day, the Duke and Duchess are celebrating their golden wedding.

"I freely admit that I have had more than my fair share of good fortune in my life," the Duke told his tenants on one occasion, "but the best thing that ever befell me was when the lady who is not only the queen of my heart, but also the queen of all hearts, consented to be my bride."

Among the miners of Nottinghamshire the Duchess is known as "The Angel." She is a Lady Bountiful who is tireless in her work for the sick, the injured and the unemployed. No expense is spared by her in sending injured miners to London and other centres where they can be assured of the best hospital treatment.

On one occasion, when she paid for the London hospital treatment of a miner with a fractured spine, his wife wanted to be near him so that she could visit him daily. So the Duchess had her to stay as a guest at her London mansion.

The people whom she has befriended will have an opportunity of showing their gratitude by sharing in the golden wedding celebrations at Welbeck Abbey.



The Duchess of Portland

GROOM-IN-WAITING

TO FIVE MONARCHS

A bequest of £1,000 and his wearing apparel to his valet, William Short, was made by Sir Harry Julien Stonor, of St. James's Palace, S.W., who was groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, Edward VII, George V, Edward VIII and the present King.

Among other bequests from his £9,449 estate were £500 to his late valet, Frank Cole.

WHAT SAY YOU?

Ten-Second Teasers

- 1.—It's the name of a county in the north of Ireland; it's renowned for its beautiful coast-road; it's the name of a town in the same county. What is it?
- 2.—It's the flesh of the cocoanut; it forms a valuable food; it's productive of oil which is used in soap-making and for making margarine. What is it?
- 3.—It's a fibrous form of mineral; it's a very bad conductor of heat; it's used in sheets as a fireproof covering. Name it.
- 4.—It's a gigantic African quadruped; it's able to support itself either on the land or in the water; its teeth are counted as ivory. What is it?
- 5.—It's one of the four cardinal points; it's the name given to an important star; it's the term applied to an important part of Britain. What is it?
- 6.—It's a plain figure which has five sides; its angles also are five in number. What is it?
- 7.—It's a kind of track; it's a variety of horse; it's a type of meeting. What is it?
- 8.—It's a case for a blade, weapon or tool; it's a scabbard. Name it.
- 9.—It's a sum across a stream for raising the level of the water above it; it's a fence or enclosure of nets, stakes, etc., set in a stream to catch fish. What is it?
- 10.—It's the name of a city in Hertfordshire; it perpetuates the memory of a great English martyr. Name it.
- 11.—It's a well-known kind of wine; it's a kind of mixture used for spraying potatoes, etc., in order to prevent disease or destroy fungoid and other disease germs. What is it?
- 12.—It's a kind of carpet; it's a variety of red; it's a form of rhubarb. What is it?

(ANSWERS IN PAGE ELEVEN)

HER FIRST ROMANCE



They Like 'Em Plump!

BRIDES SOLD BY THE POUND

Lahore, Saturday. FAT GIRLS ARE LITERALLY "AT A PREMIUM" IN THE GYPSY VILLAGES OF THE INDIAN NATIVE STATE OF MANDI. AS PARENTS SELL THEIR DAUGHTERS TO PROSPECTIVE HUSBANDS BY WEIGHT!

This was revealed when a conference held in the state passed a resolution requesting the ruler to forbid this primitive form of marriage barter.

The current rate at which girls can be purchased is from two to three rupees (8s. to 4s. 6d.) per pound. The state government has imposed a heavy tax on the transactions.—Reuter.

"PENILESS," WITH £1,800

A blind beggar "without a farthing to his name" was found to have a fortune of £1,800 when arrested in Paris for biting a bus conductor.

The beggar, Louis Tarraquol, was travelling to his "pitch" outside the church of St. Germain-des-Prés, in Paris, when he had a quarrel with the conductor.—Reuter.

You May Not Agree That—

We Should Sack The Grandpas!

By "The Philosopher"

PROFESSOR KASTNER AND HIS MATHEMATICS CLASS AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, FOLLOWING A COURSE OF RESEARCH, HAVE CALCULATED THAT, SINCE ADAM'S TIME, MANKIND HAS SPOKEN TEN BILLION MILLION WORDS.

The comment of one British student was that half the nouns in this figure have been put there by old women, in men's attire, who run the world's affairs.

A wit once said that when ladies pass the sixty mark their ambition is to sit round a tray of teacups and pull the neighbourhood to pieces!

If this charge of useless verbiage can be levelled against women, surely, also, thought our student, stones could be thrown at masculine administrators who have talked the world into its present mess.

Humanity has been brought low by an autocracy of senility.

AMONG DEMOCRACIES, REPRESENTATIVES IN ADVANCED AGE PASS SLEEPY HOURS ON PARLIAMENTARY BENCHES, BEFOGGED BY ORATORY FROM OTHER DOTARDS. THEY ALLOW AGED CABINETS TO ARRIVE AT DECISIONS SATISFACTORY TO THEIR OWN GENERATION.

Meanwhile, those whom this rule touches—young people in the twenties, also, thought our student, stones could be thrown at masculine administrators who have talked the world into its present mess.

With totalitarianism, it is no different. Leaders over fifty, flabby of sinew, owning extensive waistlines and loud mouths, praise the virtue of future wars, in which old men will never fight.

CHINA IS THE HOME OF ANCESTRY—WORSHIP, BUT THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE PRESENTS A SIMILAR SILENT VENERATION FOR ITS RULING RIP VAN WINKLES, RIP VANS WHO ARE NO SOLOMONS BUT DOZY WINKLES.

Even people normally unobservant will notice how comforting is this order to yourself: it you are old enough. Between twenty and fifty a fellow is fit for the trenches, but, after that, one's allotted post is in a shelter or out-of-the-way mansion.

Youth always waits. No matter how you take it, you will find mellon leaders at banquet and beanfeast and guileless youngsters serving up the courses.

IN THE LAST WAR, OLD MEN IN THEIR CLUBS DECLARED "WE WILL NOT SHEATH THE SWORD" AND THEN WENT OUT FOR A ROUND OF GOLF.

Ours is truly a nasty age of dictatorship of old men. Hore-Belisha got rid of his patriarchal colonels and generals. So here's to a youthful revival which will sack all grandpas from control of State, industry and life in general.

Theatre Crash

CROWD SEES PRODUCER'S FATAL FALL

AS A RESULT OF A 15-FT. FALL FROM THE BALCONY IN FRONT OF RICHMOND THEATRE, MR. A. GARDNER DAVIES, THEATRICAL DIRECTOR, PRODUCER AND AUTHOR, DIED IN HOSPITAL YESTERDAY.

While Mr. Davies was chatting with a friend on the balcony at the finish of a performance of "Summer Show" on Friday, the crowd leaving the theatre saw part of the stonework give way beneath him.

He crashed to the pavement and was taken to Richmond Hospital with severe head injuries and concussion.

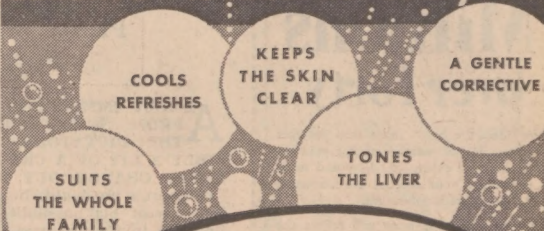
Mr. Davies was a director of Circle Theatres, producers of several plays at Richmond which have later had West End runs.

He had recently been directing a "Try-Play" season at the theatre, "Gas Light," "Banana Ridge" and "Little Ladyship" were among the plays he produced in the West End.

A few years ago Mr. Gardner Davies made a big success with the Coventry Repertory Theatre.

Mr. Tom Walls took an interest in him and they worked together on the film "For Valour," Mr. Davies being dialogue director.

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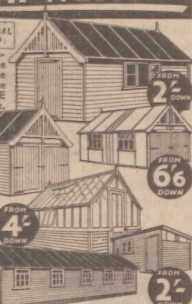
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Men and Women of Empire—No. 3

THE PEOPLE—Page 7

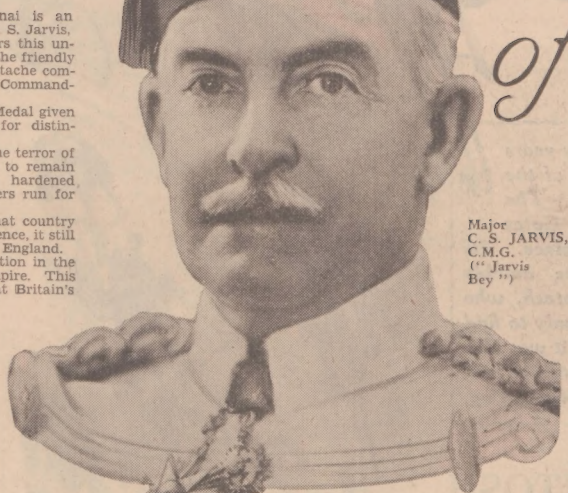
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of the DESERT

By
BETTY ROSS

Major
C. S. JARVIS,
C.M.G.
("Jarvis
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HE Maker of Modern Sinai is an Englishman. Meet Major C. S. Jarvis, C.M.G., O.B.E. For 14 years this unassuming Englishman with the friendly blue eyes and greying moustache commanded the land of the Ten Commandments.

He received the Lawrence Memorial Medal given by the Royal Central Asian Society for distinguished services.

Last year he retired. But he's still the terror of the desert gangsters—if any still dare to remain there. At the sound of his name, hardened desperadoes and two-gun drug smugglers run for dear life!

Sinai belongs to Egypt. Although that country recently achieved its complete independence, it still maintains close and intimate bond with England. And Sinai, with its commanding position in the Suez, is of vital importance to the Empire. This link between Asia and Africa stands at Britain's most important gateway to the East.

Of its personal and intimate life since Biblical days, not much was known or recorded about that little peninsula tucked between Egypt and Palestine. Until to its desert came an Englishman. "Jarvis Bey" the Arabs call him.

"G-man-of-the-desert" the bandits named him.

"Maker of Modern Sinai" the world hailed him. For he, too, did wonders there; he transformed the lawless desert tribes into peaceful citizens—he stamped out the gangsters; he built and established modern frontier communities; and he wrote books revealing the present life and customs in that land.

Sinai was one of the harshest areas in the Eastern world; human life was cheap. This state of affairs had come about because the Arabs were still in possession of arms and ammunition left from the Great War. The Government was unsettled—why should anyone go back to the old life of law and order?

These law-breakers defied and outwitted all the Egyptian Government's attempts to restore order. Only one hope remained. Finally it came, the official recommendation:

"Send for Jarvis Bey!"

From that moment onward the desert bandits were on the run. They saw in Sinai's new Governor a soft-spoken, smiling Englishman, ever ready to see, and enjoy, the funny side of a situation. Soon they realised that his sense of humour was matched by another sense—of discipline.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

He knew well their language, also Bedouin law and custom. Of deserts and their tribes he had learned in the Libyan Desert, at his last post, where for four years he had been Administrator for the Egyptian Government.

And he knew a thing or two about handling men. In 1899, still in his teens, he had enlisted in the Imperial Yeomanry, and served throughout the South African War. During the Great War he was sent to the Egyptian and Palestine fronts.

By modern British methods he began stamping out crime in that ancient land. Scotland Yard looks for clues in fingerprints; Major Jarvis sought them in footprints in those shifting desert sands.

On one memorable man-hunt, he began the investigation by asking his experts:

"What do you make of these sand-traces?"

"Six men, with six camels, left these tracks," replied the soldier of the Camel Corps. The load carried by the camels was not heavy; the men were travelling very fast, and by night—see the dew-marks!"

"Therefore, the men are not merchants, but..."

"Smugglers!"

"Leaping to their saddles, the members of the desert patrol follow the trail left by the smugglers. One soldier rushes to the nearest police post to telephone the news to desert-outposts...."

The man-hunt is on!

So Britain's G-man began to clean up the desert. Fourteen years he kept at it, spreading a net for criminals of all kinds, from far and wide.

He began another way to make it safe for travellers: he made a main road across the peninsula, from Suez to the Palestine frontier.

DESERT HIGHWAY

Then he revolutionised desert tracking by fitting "camel-foot" tyres to his patrol cars. These put the same pressure per square inch on the desert sand as the foot of a camel, and enabled the cars to travel at more than 35 miles per hour. This brought Jerusalem within 11 hours' journey of Cairo.

He built other roads, too, across those sand dunes. To-day, Sinai is so safe you can walk across any part of it unmolested, even at night.

No longer need a trader anxiously wonder whether his and his camels' skeletons will be added to the trail of bones along the desert highway.

By introducing British discipline, good roads, a patrol of swift cars, Major Jarvis defeated the desert gangsters. By developing Sinai's roads and communications he also strengthened the defence of the Suez Canal, main artery of the British Empire.

Discipline alone was not Major Jarvis' means of stamping out the

BY the genius of one man, Major C. S. Jarvis, C.M.G., Sinai, ancient land of the Ten Commandments, has been from utter lawlessness restored to peace and calm. And by the manner of its accomplishment no man has added more to the fairness of British rule. Here Betty Ross, "Queen of Interviewers," who has exchanged ideas with famous people all over the world, tells of Major Jarvis as she knows him and how his great task was done.

gangs of drug-runners and establishing order in the villages.

He tempered his regime by a deep understanding of Arab character and a knowledge of the customs and lore of the fellahs.

In El Arish, the principal town of Sinai, on the sea coast, 28 miles from the frontier, Major Jarvis and his wife lived for 14 years, the only two Europeans in that town of 7,000 Arishis. This mixed race is a melting-pot of the descendants of practically every army in the world that at some time or other marched through this peninsula.

Ancient Romans, Greeks, and even Crusader blood make up this peculiar people, who are not Arabs. Hard-working and money-making, they differ from the ordinary nomad Arab who leaves his home and his food to chance.

Originally, El Arish was founded to hold the worst criminals in Egypt; for identification, their noses were cut off. Alone in this unromantic setting, the Governor and his attractive, dark-eyed wife had to make their own recreations.

He made a private golf course and a garden; Mrs. Jarvis typed his reports and the manuscripts that have since made him famous as a delightful writer. She occupied herself with tapestry work or played the piano.

And every night, in that wilderness, Major Jarvis dressed for dinner! "It helped against the loneliness," he demurely apologises, "and it kept the servants up to scratch."

THE BURNING BUSH

He travelled across, and personally inspected, practically every inch of Sinai. On these expeditions he went to the ancient Biblical sites on the route taken by Moses and his hosts in that wilderness.

Exodus and Numbers, in the Old Testament, relate all the strange events that happened during that forty years' march.

On one occasion Moses made water gush from a rock; he saw a burning bush and the pillar of fire; he stretched his hand over the Red Sea and it parted, enabling the children of Israel to pass.

But when the pursuing Egyptians came to the sea its waters rushed back and drowned their horsemen and their chariots.

"Miracles!"

Major Jarvis can prove that all these events actually took place. With his own eyes he saw many of them repeated at the very same spot. He can verify that verse in Psalm 105:

"He opened the rock, and waters gushed out;

They ran, a river in the dry places...."

In a valley Major Jarvis saw two men beating the loose gravel at the foot of a loose rock. One man hit the rock a heavy blow, and cracked its polished weathered surface.

This instantly fell away in big flakes; and from the soft porous rock underneath water gushed out!

The reason, he then discovered, is that wet limestone forms a surface, several inches thick, resembling marble; but below the rock is full of water.

"He spread a cloud for a screen; And fire to give light in the night...."

This pillar of fire, as well as the burning bush, Major Jarvis also can explain. "They were all caused by volcanic action. A few million years

ago all Sinai was volcanic; geologists state that emphatically.

"I myself have seen something resembling a cloud of fire."

He then told me about a peculiar cloud formation found on the Mediterranean coast. It remains off the coast for some times three days, whatever the direction of the wind. It is a big cloud, full of lightning. At night, when it bursts, it becomes a blaze of fire, with lightning shooting out of it."

Every year, after spells of bad weather, this cloud forms in Sinai. The natives look forward to it as

a promise of rain for the crops. The first time that he saw this natural phenomenon Major Jarvis realised it might hold the explanation of the cloud of fire.

"Do the natives realise the ancient history of their land?" I asked, and learned that they have a vague story that Moses, whom they worship as Nebi-Musa, passed through there.

RIDDLE OF SINAI

They all know of his striking the rock which gave forth water, and about the loss of the Egyptian hosts in the Red Sea.

But Major Jarvis believes that this strange happening did not occur in the way described in Exodus and commonly accepted. His theory is that the Egyptians' chariot wheels did not bog in the mud of the Red Sea, for it has no sea-weed, but in the Bargawil Lake, which is full of sea-weed and rushes.

This theory is confirmed because the lake lies near a mountain called "Jebel Hallal" ("The Lawful Mount"), which might have been the spot where Moses received the Tablets of the Law.

But there lies the riddle of Sinai. From which mountain did Moses receive the Ten Commandments? For 400 years pilgrims and Crusaders could not definitely determine which was the actual Mount Moses. They selected four peaks, each possibly might have been "The Mountain of the Law."

The Roman Emperor Justinian made the final choice. In the sixth century he built a monastery at the foot of a mountain—and called it "The Mount Moses Monastery." Here for centuries the hermits came for protection against the nomad tribes.

That monastery still stands; it is one of the oldest occupied buildings in the world.

"They asked, and He brought quails.... And the people rose up all that day, and all the night, and all the next day, and gathered the quails...."

This statement, too, Major Jarvis believes to be true, for he has verified the existence of numberless quails in Sinai.

But his strongest testimony confirms the truth, and the terror, of one of these Biblical plagues—the locusts. Of their diabolical force he is a living witness—for fighting the locusts was one of his tasks while Sinai's Governor.

POISONED BRAN

Egypt's first acquaintance with the locust was, so says Exodus, when they appeared as one of the Ten Plagues sent by God to compel Pharaoh to end Israel's bondage.

"He spoke, and the locust came And did eat up every herb in the land, And did eat up the fruit of their ground...."

To-day, locusts are still the pests of Central Arabia and neighbouring lands. About every ten years they migrate in great numbers, as thick as dark clouds, and ruin all crops.

When these pests swarmed to Sinai's desert, Major Jarvis and his men had to fight them like human enemies.

The campaign was waged like a real battle. Over £100,000 was spent to buy up every available car and lorry; stations were made for petrol, paraffin and poisoned bran.

Trenches were dug; once the millions of hopping insects were lured to rest inside they would be trampled to death by the soldiers.

The men were divided into ammun-

tion-carriers and flame-gunners, who shot blazing liquid into the air at the locust army extending five miles by ten.

So began a bitter combat. Major Jarvis' men included the Camel Corps, the police, 2,500 soldiers, the entire 7,000 population of the capital, 500 labourers.

The locust army numbered countless millions; they covered the desert like a black carpet. "Egypt next!" the locusts seemed to threaten. "In a week there we can destroy every kind of a crop and ruin the farmers'!"

When fresh men came to fight them, the locusts held up the trains, for the wheels, covered with the insects' slimy bodies, could not grip the rails!

The locusts held their own.

Now Sinai produced roving fighting units—the Locust Hussars, the Royal Locust Fusiliers. But as these natives were unaccustomed to dealing with guns and poison, the hospital was busy attending to their wounds and burns.

An opposing army frequently allows its corps time to rest. But the locusts kept on producing fresh swarms.

And their opponents had to send urgent despatches asking for "more men, guns, paraffin."

For if the Arabs ceased fighting for one hour their superhuman enemy might destroy 1,000 acres.

So who could stop to rest or sleep? And desert fighting is full of hardships—lack of water, heavy sands, burning heat.

"Sending you another £100,000," reported the Egyptian Government.

"Keep the locusts out of the Nile Valley!" was the battle cry. For the Nile's summer crops are worth millions of pounds.

Finally came the first hopeful report: "War ending in our region." Returning troops, scarred with burns, their clothing in shreds, brought the good news: "Locusts can't win against poisoned bran."

HOT CHARCOAL RECIPE

After this cue, bran, dipped in arsenic, arrived in train-loads. Trenches and flame guns were now given up. Bran. Bran. The country was strewn with it. Until the desert sun dried it up!

So lorries full of men went about the desert watering the poisoned lines twice a day.

And so, after three months, that unique war was won; the locusts met their Waterloo.

* * * "Happy nations have no history." Sinai, calmed and disciplined by this tactful Governor, is no longer the scene of desert feuds or tribal murder.

The natives persisted in using their own cures: concocted from foxes' hearts or leopard's liver and hyena fat. A stomach pain, no matter what its cause, was treated by burning with hot charcoal.

The Governor found his cow, after an attack of sand-colic, wearing a verse of the Koran on her horns! But did he laugh or ridicule? No, he understood their nature too well.

"Leave the Arab to these simple cures," counselled Major Jarvis. "When he is really ill he will see a doctor and go to the hospital."

Which is exactly what happened. Modern ways have stepped in quietly. The Peninsula now has a first-class hospital, doctors and pharmacies.

In the same quiet, calm way he taught the natives manners.

On expeditions throughout Sinai he often camped in remote places. And soon found himself surrounded by a noisy, inquisitive crowd. Does His Excellency high-handedly order them all away?

Not at all. Gravely, he suggests: "Not a bad idea to make a road here." He produces a shovel. "Who'll begin?"

In a moment that crowd disappears. Never again will they intrude on a camper. Indeed, they'll run the opposite way!

(Copyright in all countries by Betty Ross.)

NEXT SUNDAY:
SIR AUREL STEIN



ON my first visit to my married son's new house, I made up my mind to be a model of behaviour. I know what mothers-in-law are supposed to be like! Well, I must say, his wife had made the whole place as smart as a new pin. I praised the dining-room. I praised the bedrooms. I praised the tiny kitchen...

And then I saw her washing hanging on the line!

"Oh, what a pity!" I said without thinking. "You'd get it so much whiter if you used Persil. Persil's better, because it's gentle too."

There now, I thought to myself, I've gone and butted in. I should have kept my mouth shut.

To do Gladys justice, she didn't get huffy. Rather patronising, though, she said, "It's more imagination than anything—all this about Persil

washing whiter. My wash is as white as anyone's."

"Look!" I said: "Let me come round next washday with a packet of my Persil and do half your wash. You do the other half your way. And Harry"—that's my son—"shall be judge." Of course I knew nothing could stand up to Persil-washed clothes.

Next Monday came, and with it washday. So Gladys and I set to. You could soon see the difference! "Mum's right," said Harry, when he got home, grinning all over his face. "Own up now, Gladys."

Gladys came over and gave me a friendly kiss. "Leave us your Persil," she said. "I'll need it from now on."

Sooner or later you're bound to come round to Persil whiteness



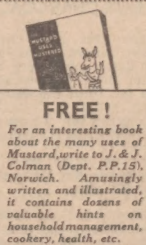
'That's right—
mix it fresh' says

THE INNER MAN

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FONTINGS: The House for Value: WESTERN 7272: Kensington, W.8

BETWEEN thirty and forty years ago cycle racing was one of the biggest sports in Australia. The interest in it was enormous. Gates of 60,000 were commonplace. Its money-making possibilities quickly dawned on Hugh D. McIntosh, who went into it as a promoter, only to find that as well as the biggest, it was also the dirtiest sport he had ever struck, and here he tells how he cleaned it up.

By The Hon.
HUGH D. MCINTOSH
(The Famous Fight Promoter)

WHETHER the roar of the crowd rises to a thrilled crescendo, whether from around a flood-lit ring, the close-packed terraces of some vast stadium, or from along the white rails of a sun-baked race-track, the clatter of hooves or swiftly spinning wheels—you can bet there is a story.

You don't see so much of the game even from a ten guinea ringside seat or a place in the grandstand; but it is war, you get behind the scenes in the world of sport—and I have been for almost as long as I can remember—that you learn most.

I promoted many fights in England and Australia, but there was never anything crooked about one. As a promoter of professional cycle races my experiences were less happy, but before I go any further let me make it quite plain that I am not referring to present-day cycle racing, or for that matter to cycle racing in this country at any time.

Between thirty and forty years ago cycle racing was one of the biggest and dirtiest sports in Australia. The interest in it was enormous. Gates of 60,000 or 60,000 were commonplace, and very early in my career I was struck by its money-making possibilities.

As a matter of fact I began as a rider, but if ever there was a case of misplaced strength—it was me on a bicycle! I was a tremendously powerful young fellow in those days, but I soon discovered that mine was the wrong brand of brawn and muscle for urging a cycle round the track faster than the next man.

When I turned to promoting I was more successful. The "Sydney Thousand," most famous of all the cycle races in the world, for which my company offered the unprecedented prize of a thousand golden sovereigns for a mile sprint, attracted the crack riders of all nations.

It also resulted in one of the most gigantic swindles ever attempted in the history of cycle racing. No fewer than eight of the eleven men in the final, led by tough and handsome Floyd MacFarland, probably the greatest handicapper ever and Larry Corbett, a former boxer who had broken into the cycle-racing game, were concerned in a plot to carve-up the result between them.

UNBLEMISHED RECORD

The most spectacular entrant was stocky, coal-black "Major" Taylor, the American Negro world champion. Taylor, who had a host of picturesque titles, such as "The Black Flash" and "The Chocolate Cyclone," was the fastest thing on two wheels in the world. It was amazing to watch him in action. Kinky head bent low over the handlebars, beautifully muscled legs moving like twin pistons, he would hurdle round the track like a human thunderbolt, literally lifting himself and his machine from the track and throwing it over the line in anything like a close finish.

In a scratch race there was no one to touch him, and even handicapped as he was in the "Sydney Thousand," giving some riders as much as 150 yards start, the "Major" was still a menace.

MacFarland and the Australian boys knew this, and so they concocted a plot to "nurse" Larry Corbett, who would start at a long price as one of the outsiders, ride the coloured champion of the track if necessary, and then let Corbett through to win.

The £1,000 prize and probably nine or ten times as much in winning bets was to be split among them.

In contrast to this company of crooks, Taylor was as straight as a gun barrel. He was a softly spoken, modest young Negro, who neither drank nor smoked and whose greatest pleasure was to stand up and preach from the pulpit of the little Baptist chapel in his home town.

Well educated and intensely religious, he had an unblemished record. He lived simply and banked the greater part of his considerable earnings. When he came to Australia to ride in the "Sydney Thousand," he told me that he already had £3,000 saved.

I acted as referee, and although I knew nothing of the rogues' party that was planned, I could sense that something was wrong as soon as I stepped into the riders' dressing-room before the race.

The atmosphere was electric. Over in one corner MacFarland and his cronies were huddled in whispering conference. A few yards away "Paddy O'Brien, a tough Irish-Australian, champion of New South Wales, sat

A Modern Cycle Race

straddled across a bench, lacing his racing boots.

Paddy, who hated me like poison, had been riding "dead" for a couple of seasons, gradually picking up a handicap with which he would be able to win with ease when he chose to back himself.

He sat glaring at the conspirators from beneath close-knit brows.

The "Major" seemed the only one oblivious to the tenseness in the air. Already changed by the huge crowd—there were 60,000 present, and they were packed on the "Hill" like flies—as they watched the riders spin round the track in one of the preliminary events.

I called the eleven finalists for the £1,000 sprint into the centre of the dressing room.

"Now boys," I said briskly, "I want to see a good clean race." And I stared hard at MacFarland and his bunch, for I was already suspicious.

"Sure Mac," he replied, meeting my eyes in a level, unwavering stare, but I didn't like the smile on his lips.

"Now about pacing," I went on. "I want you each to do your fair share. You'll pace in half laps when you're called on—and no shirking, otherwise there'll be trouble."

QUEER, TENSE SILENCE

Without going too deeply into the technique of cycle-racing, I must explain that this question of pacing was an essential part of the game. Scratch men always took turns pacing one another, otherwise they would have stood no chance against riders with anything up to 150 yards' start in a mile race.

The idea was for one man to take the other up to the mob and then open out for the second man to go ahead and pace him for the next half lap.

In the last few laps they naturally rode full out against one another, but this co-operation was necessary in the early stages of the race to give them an equal chance.

Without it one scratch man could tuck himself in behind his rival and stay there until the last few yards, when he could pull out and go to the front with ease, having been carried along for the whole race.

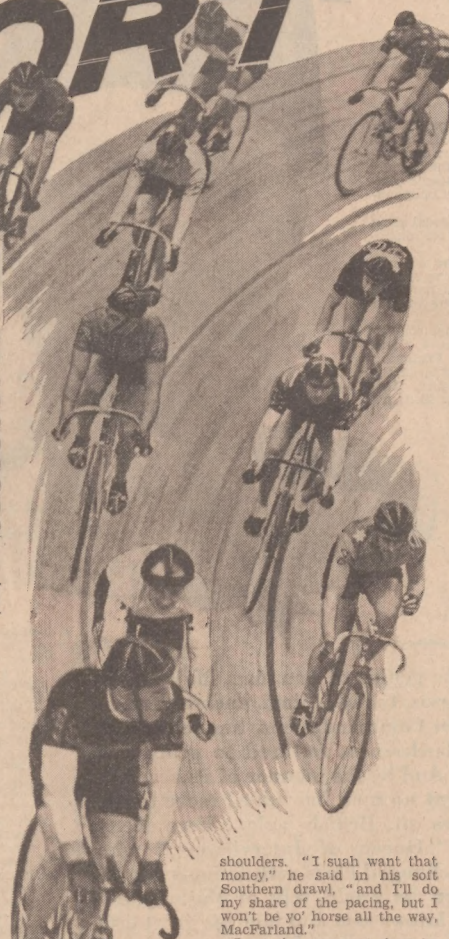
But as soon as I mentioned this question of pacing, MacFarland, who was riding scratch with Taylor, began loudly protesting.

"To hell with that," he said. "I'm not pacing any nigger."

"I old him to shut up. 'You'll do as you're told. I said."

"Not unless I get my cut," MacFarland retorted. "I'm not helping Taylor to win that thousand quid."

The coloured champion shrugged his



shoulders. "I suah want that money," he said in his soft Southern drawl, "and I'll do my share of the pacing, but I won't be yo' horse all the way, MacFarland."

I cut the argument short by ordering them to go on to the track.

"You all heard what I said," I told them. "Every man will do his fair share of pacing, otherwise he'll be disqualified. Now get going!"

I think you could have heard a pin drop as the eleven riders got on to their marks under the white glare of the acetylene flare. A hush of expectancy—that queer, tense silence you find at every big sporting event—held the vast crowd.

Every eye was turned upon the riders, strung out along the banked cinder bowl, crouched low over their handlebars, tautly awaiting the gun-shot that would send them off.

A series of remarkable mishaps—broken chains and tyre "blow-outs"—delayed the start again and again, while each minute the excitement increased.

But at last the starter raised his gun. There was a sharp report, a deep roar of "They're off!" and the eleven finalists rocketed from their marks.

DISQUALIFIED WINNER

The "Black Flash" made a spectacular start. He swept away, zoomed up to the outer edge of the banking at the first bend and then came swooping down up the heels of the limit men with the cinders scattering from his wildly spinning wheels.

Hot on his trail came MacFarland, his long lean frame bent double in the saddle, but when Taylor pulled out to let him go through and pace him to the next bunch he hung behind.

LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS

HAPPINESS—IF YOU WANT IT!

By the
People's Friend

silent as it dropped like a stone to earth.

Sitting on a stile carved with the initials of village sweethearts, enjoying the peace and beauty of that rural scene, I fell to thinking of the disgruntled little man in the train the previous evening.

"What a life," he had grumbled. "It's not worth living. Only the folks with money get any fun out of it."

There was more—much more—on the same theme. He must have talked for nearly an hour and he was complaining all the time.

"Not worth living!" I thought, looking out across the silent, sunlit countryside.

And I laughed.

How much we take for granted! How many blessings we accept without thought! How blind we sometimes are to all the beauty that life holds for each of us!

It is there, ready for us to reach out and grasp, but we pass it by.

PERHAPS you are discontented? Perhaps you imagine that life is not worth living just because everything you wish does not come your way?

If so, then try this tonic. Go out into the country, into your own garden or a park if you cannot manage that.

Get the grass under your feet and the trees over your head. Drink in the beauty savour and the peace—and remember it is yours.

And soon the spell will work. You will realise that with so much for which to be grateful it is childish to complain.

Happiness is here if you want it. God crowds each day with joy. The life He sends are yours for the taking. What you make of them depends not on Him but you.

In the World's Biggest Cycle Race

Riding like a demon, one moment poised high on the track's rim, the next hurtling down in a breath-taking dive, the Negro shot ahead. He was setting a cracking pace, passing one man after another, but Paddy O'Brien hung grimly on, and not far behind Larry Corbett, the dead outsider of the race, carefully nursed by his fellow conspirators, was lapping steadily.

Then, a few hundred yards from the finish, when it looked as though nothing could stop the "Black Flash," MacFarland and the gang got busy.

They were riding in a close bunch, and as the coloured champion drew out to pass and go ahead down the straight, they suddenly opened out and forced him right to the top of the banking.

Hemmed in on every side, with only inches separating him from the disaster of a dangerous spill, Taylor skidded wildly! For a moment I thought he was going right over the banking into the crowd, but miraculously he saved himself and raced on.

But by this time the damage had been done. Corbett, on whom the rest of the gang had bet heavily, flew over the line, closely followed by O'Brien, and the "Black Flash" could not get closer than third.

MacFarland and the others, their dirty work done, followed him over the line, doubtless congratulating themselves on their cunning.

But despite the swift neatness with which they had worked, they had not fooled me. There and then I disqualified Corbett and awarded the race to O'Brien with Taylor second.

Corbett was furious.

"I'll have the law on you," he shouted, shaking his fist in my face. "I'll sue you, you swindler."

"Keep your fists to yourself, Corbett," I said quietly. "You can't fight any better than you can ride, and I shouldn't talk too much about swindles because there's going to be an inquiry into to-night's race."

That piece of news silenced their noise, and later as President of the Federal Cycling Council I disqualified eight of the riders, passing the heaviest sentence on MacFarland, who, as ring-leader, I suspended for three years.

He was a villain, but a likeable one, for he took this in good part and shook hands when next we met. Not long afterwards he was murdered at another bike meeting in America; he was stabbed with a chisel following a violent quarrel with the race-track caterer.

GREAT PUBLIC SUPPORT

Corbett, however, did not take his disqualification in the same spirit. He carried out his threat to sue for the £1,000 prize money, but after a hearing which aroused world-wide interest, the Chief Justice awarded my company the verdict. I remember that Bill Holman, later to become Premier of New South Wales, who was then making his debut in the Law Courts, had the task of cross-examining me. It was, I believe, his first case.

Anyway, Corbett, instead of damaging my reputation as he had hoped, did me a lot of good, for I received thousands of letters thanking me for the stand I had taken to clean up the sport of bicycle racing.

Paddy O'Brien, who had backed himself heavily, also came out of it well, and the man I was most sorry for was the unfortunate "Major" Taylor.

The Negro ace of cyclists deserved to win. In a straight race he would have run away with the prize. But Paddy, who had not been in the plot, had managed to beat him for second place, and so he had to go back to America with a minor reward.

He came to see me before he sailed and shook hands with a wide grin. "That thousand pounds swap would have looked swell with the rest of mah savings, Mister Mac," he drawled. "But I guess I'll have to try again some other time."

NEXT WEEK:
APPOINTMENT WITH A GHOST

KIDNEY TROUBLE

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You must take a remedy
specially prepared to
act on the kidneys

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MARRIAGE MART SECRETS

WHAT a transformation has overtaken the West End of London this last generation! Gone are those cosmopolitan cafes which used to be such an attraction in Leicester Square—the Provance and the Hotel de l'Europe; vanished also the cosmopolitan crowd that used to patronise them.

True, we now have what are called brasseries—a combination cafe-restaurant in the Continental style, but one no longer sees the hordes of Germans, Russians, Frenchmen and Italians, with a good sprinkling of men from the Dominions, to whom the lights of Leicester Square were a perennial delight.

The motherly respectability of the London County Council and the stricter licensing laws overshadow the night life of London.

The old Alhambra and the once naughty Empire with their promenades have made way for mighty picture palaces; the Pavilion, which rightly boasted that its programme of Varieties stood in the hub of the world, has also swung over to the "movies."

Daly's Theatre, where George Edwardes for so long held sway, is Hollywood-owned. The old Gaiety will be gay no more, and the Tivoli, where all our famous vaudeville artists made their name, now contributes its quota to the everlasting entertainment which the modern generation demands.

Well, other times other methods. A generation hence, I dare say, television and radio will have effected even more drastic changes, and the young folk will be eating their food in gigantic buildings of ten floors like the Haus Vaterland in Berlin, with floor shows to divert them "regardless of expense."

UNDERWORLD OF BIG CITIES

The swirling under-currents of West End life are but meandering streams by comparison with the place as I knew it during my thirty years in the Metropolitan Police.

I spent nearly all my time in the C.I.D. at Bow Street and Scotland Yard, so there wasn't much about the West End and its underworld that I didn't know.

It was pretty tough, believe me. To the usual collection of rogues and rascals there was added a choice assortment of foreigners, mostly Germans, who must have found London easy money.

Anybody could get into England in

those who were the Vase, which in attracting more often than not fields of double figures has, on occasions, meant some jumping up at the first and early turn, where good position means so much.

MATRIMONIAL.

WIDOW with £750 cash and income of £250, would like to meet Gentleman with musical tastes with view to matrimony.

GENTLEMAN, tall, fair, interested in country life and possessing fair private income, desires to meet brunette with similar income with view to marriage.

GENTLEMAN, retired but man, would like to meet widow with private income with view to matrimony.



A composite study from a film.

Otto Was a Knowing Lad Who Touched Their Hearts And—Cash!

In fact, he made his living with horses; just around the corner he had his bookmaking offices. And so on.

Mention of the fact that he had already served five years for Turf frauds—an infallible system that went wrong—was naturally suppressed.

One thing would lead to another. Over luncheon, or maybe tea, the plausible German, artfully mixing love with lure, suggested that he could do with a lady to manage his office. And it might not be a bad idea if they had an investment in the business—say a couple of hundred pounds.

Before Nemesis arrived a second time, Otto had bound himself to marry at least a dozen foolish women and relieved them of all their savings. Some of them even furnished homes for him—poor, lonely creatures so often to be found in London.

And to make matters worse, there was a real wife in the background, not to say one or two in his native land whom he had left destitute.

One night he picked him up in the Cafe de l'Europe enjoying himself immensely, and the indignation he displayed was a revelation of Teutonic bluff.

It took no less than four days to try him at the Old Bailey, and I have seen few more pitiful sights in my life than the procession of women who went into the witness-box with the same tale to tell.

Four days of it, as I say, and the Common Serjeant gave him a year for every day, with the recommendation that he look out much better off in the land of his birth.

SILVERSMITH FROM PARIS

For sheer artfulness, however, there was nothing to equal the young Frenchman who ran riot among the high-class West End jewellers in the palmy days when Continental crooks found London easy.

François Lucien Leopold Magne was the resounding name this chevalier d'industrie bore, and according to the tale he told, his mother was the Baronne de la Rowlande. Our information, however, was that he had been employed by a Paris silversmith—which no doubt accounted for the ease with which he swindled the London jewellers.

But one must give credit to François for great originality. His tactics were to arrive at one of the big luxurious hotels, with a couple of nice heavy trunks to inspire confidence. He dressed well, and his manners were perfect.

One victim was a Bond-st. tradesman who brought a couple of very expensive gold purses for inspection. François arranged the time nicely; he was having a massage when the jeweller arrived, and in that atmosphere of riches the latter didn't mind waiting while François slipped upstairs to show the purse to his wife.

He didn't come back, even to claim his brick-filled trunks.

PROUD OF HIS EXPLOITS

Occasionally, just for variety's sake, he hired a limousine, picked up a couple of ladies of the town, and took them shopping—something on the lines of the man for whom poor Adolph Beck went to prison.

We traced him all over London and always found the same—the trunk filled with bricks, or possibly cement, a few odds and ends of dirty clothes—but no François. He had "approved" of all the jewellery that the West End people had sent on approval.

But eventually he met his Waterloo: he was traced to a modest lodging-house in Brixton, and there, besides innumerable pawnbrokers, we found many other articles not easily disposed of—picnic baskets, dressing cases and canteens of cutlery.

With his smartly upturned moustache, à la the Kaiser, he stood in the dock at the Sessions and proudly listened to our recital of his exploits.

Nor was he unduly depressed at the order for deportation that followed the sentence. Why should he? Thrice previously had he seen the inside of an English prison and then been returned to France. Thrice also had he come back, so why not again?

Things are different now. All aliens have to register at Bow-st., deposit photographs and notify every change of address.

NEXT WEEK: A SLIGHT CASE OF BLACKMAIL.

him, had been seized with a desire for matrimony and had run across an advertisement that a lady, with £750 in cash and an income of £250, badly wanted a mate. "Apply Box 359, this office," the offer concluded.

"Mr. Green" said to himself: "Just about suit me." He applied for the job and received an invitation to present himself at Craven House, Kingsway.

Here he was met by Jacob, who, after gravely inspecting him, thought he would fill the bill.

"Der will be no fee," said Jacob magnanimously, "until you have seen der lady and fixed up mit her. Gom back to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock."

"Mr. Green" was bang on time and met "der lady" in one of Jacob's ante-rooms. They had a most amicable conversation; the lady, who described herself as a widow, expressed herself pleased with "Mr. Green" and suggested marriage with no loss of time.

She was sure they would get on well together, and she didn't mind where she lived with a loving husband.

RETURNED TO BLOOMSBURY

At this juncture, beaming through his glasses, Mr. Koppers appeared on the scene to inquire whether the interview had been satisfactory.

"Yes, I think so," said the lady; "and I'm sure we're very much obliged to you."

Jacob then affably saw them off the premises, not before, however, he had taken "Mr. Green" on one side and extracted £10 10s. from him. "And cheap ad der brize, my friend," he added.

Hand in hand, metaphorically, the pair bade Jacob good-bye. They took tea together, and after that was over the bride-to-be said she must be getting back to her Bloomsbury hotel, where "Mr. Green" might call the following morning.

In the meantime, would he go to the Holborn register office and give notice of their forthcoming marriage.

"Mr. Green" duly did as he was bid, and also duly arrived at the comfortable Bloomsbury hotel next day to collect the winsome widow.

But he could hardly believe his ears when the reception clerk said: "Never heard of the lady, sir. You must be mistaken."

REFUSED THE CONSOLATION

The puzzled "Mr. Green" departed and tried other Bloomsbury hostesses—not a sign. He walked Russell-sq. all day hoping to run into the lady, with no better luck. Then he called on Jacob, who expressed equal dismay.

"Impossible my dear sir," he exclaimed. Here is der letter der lady wrote me—"producing an epistle with a Wolverhampton address. "Impossible" or not, "Mr. Green" had found a loser.

Still, Jacob had a consolation prize on hand, a Miss Charlotte Benson, not quite so good as the widow, perhaps, but not bad.

"Mr. Green" inspected the vinegary Charlotte and declined to be comforted. "Give me back my £10 10s.," he said to Jacob.

"No, no, my dear sir," retorted Jacob. "I don't do der business in such way." Bitter words passed between them.

"Mr. Green" went off, swearing vengeance; Jacob just laughed at the idea of the police getting to hear of him.

But "Mr. Green" wasn't so "green" as he looked. Instead of going to Scotland Yard, he followed Jacob home—unknown to that gentleman. Judge of his surprise when he saw tending the garden of Jacob's trim little villa the self-same lady who was to have married him!

"Mr. Green" did nothing more just then. Instead, he took up a position where he could watch the people who went in and out of Mr. Koppers' offices. Three and four times a week did his

In the 'days before aliens were compelled to register with the police, they were often mighty tough in London's West End. There Continental crooks abounded and drove a thriving trade in various illicit and shady rackets. Ex-Chief Inspector William Gough knew most of these gentry, and here he gives a startling sidelight on the bogus matrimonial business, one of their dirtiest and most paying games.

"widow" arrive, and even more frequently was she followed in by gentlemen, doubtless similar to himself, in want of a wife.

"Charlotte," obviously the "spare wheel," also came and went with great frequency. So "Mr. Green" arrived hot-foot at Bow Street, to unload his woeful story. Apparently the "widow" with the £750 was already a wife—Jacob's. He had reduced "The Exact Science of Matrimony" to base depths, and there must be a warrant.

Jacob couldn't deny the deception when we called upon him; all he could plead was the offer of the consolation prize in the shape of "Charlotte." She, alas, was missing.

One way and another, Jacob had rung the changes on two accommodating ladies with very profitable results. He had been foolish enough to keep books of his "business." In 18 months over £2,000 had come his way!

But he was still protesting his innocence when he got into the dock of the London Sessions when the case of "Mr. Green" and his fellow-victims came up for hearing. Jacob suggested that he might be given time to pay them all back.

The Deputy-Chairman agreed that it was what he wanted, and he gave it him—eighteen months, and deportation at the conclusion.

So much for jovial Jacob. Another customer of his was working much the same racket about that time—Mr. Otto Malzan, alias Paul Oberlander, alias Max Westoby, the latter name being most favoured owing to its English ring.

Otto was ostensibly a bookmaker; he had offices in Oxford-st., Charing Cross-rd., Jermyn-st.—anywhere and everywhere. One might best describe him as being a bird of passage.

INTEREST IN THE BUSINESS

Angry clients he "knocked," as they say in the vernacular, usually found him represented by a distressed female in worse plight than themselves.

This always happened after a big race won by a well-backed horse.

Now all this was understandable enough; people who get caught by fly-by-night bookmakers have nobody to blame but themselves.

It was the unfortunate women he bilked that brought us on the scene; for Otto, if not precisely a wholesale bigamist, had promised marriage to dozens of trusting women—after offering them employment in his book-making business and inducing them to "invest" all they possessed in it.

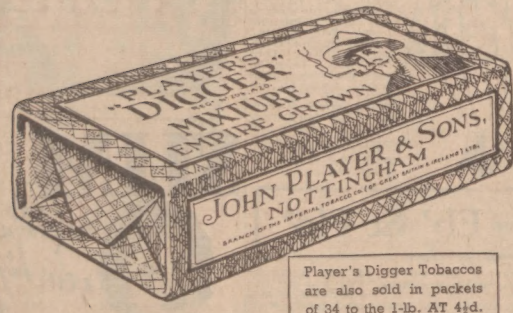
The way he worked was beautifully simple. There stood in Regent-st. for many years an art dealer's shop which made a great display of sporting prints.

Otto watched it like a hawk; as soon as a likely woman stopped to look at the pictures, he used to stroll up, and after a time, if the woman did not resent his presence, ask her if she was fond of horses.

A reply of "Oh, yes," started him off.

No argument

Men who know a thing or two about tobacco will tell you . . . there are no two ways about it with 'Digger'. It gets off with a flying start and is good for a win in a pipe any day of the week. Real satisfying quality at 9d. an ounce—that's the reason 'DIGGER' HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO.



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the fastest model aeroplane of 1939—**the SPEED DEMON!**

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CHEERS—FOR THE MALTED CORN FLAKES!

How you're going to love your breakfasts of these Quaker Flakes! They're corn flakes with a difference—they're malted! Taste simply grand—crisp golden flakes packed full of the goodness of ripe corn. This is the breakfast for active fellows—the quick energy breakfast—a delicious breakfast that'll last you through the most exciting morning.

Here's a tip. Make out your mother's shopping list for tomorrow—and put down at the top, in big letters — "QUAKER FLAKES!"

QUAKER FLAKES—they're Malted

Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd. (Distributors), Southall, Middlesex.

INDIGESTION due to nervous strain

Stomach trouble often begins in times of stress. Early symptoms pass unnoticed. But from such small beginnings may come the untold torture of persistent gastritis, heartburn, even stomach ulcer.

You cannot always prevent nervous strain, but you can quickly correct any stomach disturbance and so prevent more serious symptoms developing. Thousands of people adopt this precaution by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. This remarkable powder has become famous because the prescription is the result of scientific knowledge about what really happens in your stomach. When your digestion is upset, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder corrects the "acid-balance" in your stomach. That is why all kinds of stomach troubles, from a touch of flatulence to painful duodenal ulcer, are daily being successfully treated with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

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With his smartly upturned moustache, à la the Kaiser, he stood in the dock at the Sessions and proudly listened to our recital of his exploits.

Nor was he unduly depressed at the order for deportation that followed the sentence. Why should he? Thrice previously had he seen the inside of an English prison and then been returned to France. Thrice also had he come back, so why not again?

Things are different now. All aliens have to register at Bow-st., deposit photographs and notify every change of address.

NEXT WEEK: A SLIGHT CASE OF BLACKMAIL.

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You, too, can have that attractive slim figure so much admired by the opposite sex. You, too, can look lovely and keep in radiant health, as she does, just by taking Bile Beans regularly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily remove all food residue; thus improving your health and keeping your figure youthful and attractive.

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It suits everyone—tall or short—and the self-adjusting action enables you to change to any position from upright to lounging—without having to leave the chair.

See the Model of Berkeley Upholstery and our wide range of Coverings before deciding upon your furnishing scheme. Send coupon NOW!

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If you have your own recipe, send it in to me, and the best one I receive will be published. A prize of 5s. will be sent to readers whose recipes are printed.

Send your recipe on a postcard (not enclosed in an envelope), addressed to "Housewife," Galantine, c/o "The People," Acre House, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to arrive not later than Wednesday, June 14.

Here are last week's prize-winners:—

GOOSEBERRY AND BANANA

ONE pound gooseberries, 2 oz. sugar, three bananas, half a lemon, half-pint custard, four sponge fingers.

Sieve the gooseberries with the sugar and three tablespoonsful of water until they are soft. Then rub them through a sieve. Make the custard and flavour it with lemon rind. Put a thin layer of sponge cakes in a glass dish and spread with gooseberry purée.

Squeeze a little lemon juice over. Continue the layers, then pour the warm custard over. Serve when cold.

—Mrs. Pepper, 19, Wellinck-rd., Sittingbourne, Kent.

BATTER PUDDING

MAKE a batter mixture with 6 oz. flour, one egg, half-pint milk, pinch of salt. Top and tail 1 lb. gooseberries and stir into the batter. Mix well, cover with greased paper and steam for two hours. Do not add any sugar (this is important), but serve with a syrup made of equal parts butter and brown sugar.

—H. Davidson, 40, Mount-terrace, Eccleshill, Bradford, Yorkshire.

WINTER CURD

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 lb. gooseberries, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. butter, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of ground ginger.

Method: Top, tail and wash the gooseberries and put them into a pan with half a gill of water. Cook until soft, then rub through a sieve. Add the sugar, butter and beaten eggs. Blend the mixture thoroughly and stir over a gentle heat until the eggs thicken. Now add the ground ginger and put the curd into small jars, which should be covered immediately.

—Miss E. Bishop, 9, Station-rd., Sidcup, Kent.

WITH ORANGE

SIX pounds each of gooseberries and loaf sugar, four juicy oranges.

Prepare berries, washing thoroughly, and put into pan with sugar. Grate rind from oranges, then squeeze out the juice and strain it into pan; stir in thoroughly and get hot gradually, adding just a drop of oil if necessary to start sugar melting. Then simmer in usual way until jam sets when tested.—Mrs. G. Riley, Station-rd., Chislehurst, Essex.

A NEW CAKE

TWO pounds of gooseberries, 1 lb. sugar, four small sponge cakes, two eggs, tablespoonful of caster sugar.

Sieve the gooseberries with the sugar. Slice up the four sponge cakes and line a pudding-basin. Put a layer of fruit at the bottom, then a layer of cakes, then a layer of fruit, and so on, until you have used all the ingredients. Cover with a saucer, put a weight on the top, and leave until next day. Turn out in a dish; beat the white of two eggs to a firm froth and mix with it the "caster" sugar. Spread it thickly all over the cake, dust it with sugar and bake in a cool oven just long enough to set the meringue.

—Mrs. E. Clarks, Oak Cottage, Oak-rd., Grays Hill, Billericay, Essex.

BILL & BUNTY

BY THEIR MA

BILL has gone all sulky about school lately. Won't get on with his homework, and when I went for him said it didn't matter if he knew his lessons or not his form master had a down on him. It isn't like Bill to be like that, as he has been a cheerful boy and seems to get on with most people. I think there must be some misunderstanding somewhere.

He half a good mind to go down to school lunch hour and have a word with the master and see what it is all about. Bill may not, of course, be paying much attention. I know his mind is on his camping and holidays and all the things they get up to on Saturday, when they go off for the day hiking.

Bunty has got the whooping cough. Only a mild attack, though, not much whoop, but a nasty little hacking cough and catarrh. I let her play out in the sunshine with her little friends, as they are not allowed at school either, as they have a similar cough.

CHEERY COONS' CORNER

THREPPENCE ALL THE WAY!

NOT far from London is a grand model railway. The engines—each one costs £600—coaches, wagons, Pullman cars, signals, are just like the "real thing" you see on our main lines.

The railway was built by a rich banker "just for fun," now anybody can ride on it if they pay their fare. There are booking-offices, printed tickets, porters, and a lady signaller. The railway runs through pretty fields and woods over bridges and through tunnels.

Groups pay pennance to make the complete journey of four miles in a grand Pullman car, sipping if they wish, in the sunshine with their little children half-price. So you can go for threppence or fourpence halfpenny.

There is a telephone system which connects up with stations and signal-boxes. That is one reason why there is never an accident on this splendid railway. All aboard!

FUNNY MR. CUCKOO

Boys and girls who live in England know that the cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, but in far-off Bohemia the peasants will tell you that long years ago the cuckoo built her nest and reared a family.

Unlike other birds, however, she continued to build her nest during the great Church Festival of the Virgin.

As a punishment, she was condemned to fly about the world homeless, never to know a mother's love, and forced to leave her children in another's care.

In Denmark it is the custom for girls to "ask the cuckoo how many years will pass before they get married." If the cuckoo should call, say three years, then they will be married in three years.

In Denmark they say that the cuckoo is kept so busy answering questions of this kind that the bird has no time to build a nest! Do you know this rhyme about the cuckoo?

WHAT DID I TELL YOU I WOULD DO IF I CAUGHT YOU STEALING ME JAM AGAIN

DET'S FUNNY WE FORGOT TOO FLO!

What are the Twins doing with those stools? I'm afraid they want to reach up for a pot of Flo's delicious home-made jam. Perhaps it was just as well that Flo caught them in the act! As usual, the Twins have a very clever

answer when they get into trouble. Of course Flo had told them many times what she would do if they caught them at the jam again. But the Twins pretended not to know.

What will they be saying next, I wonder?

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SKIRTS WITH A SWING

"PUT a swing in it" is the fashion makers' advice to those buying new frocks for Ascot. And as it is hard to swing a long trailing dress, short full ones will be the smartest seen in the paddock and on the lawns.

For those who are determined to be faithful to the short straight skirt a full skirted coat weighted with a band of fur will give the necessary swing.

In the photograph you will see a favourite swing model especially designed for Ascot by Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker. It is in black and white, and you can imagine how distinctive it will look against a background of green lawns and pink and mauve hydrangeas.

SPOTS ARE FAVOURED

The last few days of hot weather have brought an absolute epidemic of spots. Spotted dresses, I mean. Small white ones on a navy ground are the most attractive. Made in a simple pleated skirt style, with an up to the throat bodice, these spotted frocks are as suitable for town as for country.

Some girls add a little Eton jacket with white pique revers. So fresh and trim looking. If you are planning a week-end on the river there's the ideal outfit. Spots fortunately don't show marks and creases, it seems to me, as much as stripes and plain materials do.

By the way, if you are feeling a little "footy" this weather, then try a pair of shoes at least a size too large for you, with thickish or platform soles. All the American women wear these in hot weather, and you would be surprised how restful they are to the feet. Also have open toes or perforated material to let the air circulate round the feet.

My Household A.B.C. By Mrs. "X."

A GOOD plan to prevent blistered heels for children wearing sandals without socks is to stitch a piece of soft lint across the back.

BOYS will like a sports shirt made of Turkish towelling. It is practical for the holidays, as it needs no ironing and wears very well.

COTTON and linen frocks which have raw-fruit stains should be treated in this way: Make a thin paste of whitening and lemon juice, place on the marks and leave to dry. Rinse in warm water and wash in the usual way.

Five shillings has been sent to the following readers for hints beginning with D, E, F.

DRY all used straws from drinks, in the oven. These make excellent tapers, and don't burn your fingers like paper spills.—Mrs. S. Bedford, "Royston," Asquith-ave., Morley, Leeds, Yorks.

ELECTRIC globes and shades should be prevented fly marks.—Mrs. Coar, 263, St. James's-rd., Blackburn, Lancs.

FLOWERS will keep fresh much longer if a little bicarbonate of soda is added to the water each time it is changed.—Mrs. M. Price, 102, Norfolk House-rd., Streatham, S.W.16.

Prices of 5s. will be awarded for the best Household Hints beginning with G, H, I. Entries must be written on postcards (not enclosed in envelopes) addressed to "Mrs. X," c/o The People, 72 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They should reach this office not later than Wednesday, June 14.

COOKING WITH CONFIDENCE

A REALLY practical cookery book this. Over sixty pages of recipes, sufficient for the average housewife to give variety in four well-cooked meals a day. Cakes, roasts, savouries, and puddings are all there, all economical, well flavoured, and easy to follow. If you would like a free copy of "Cooking with Confidence" all you have to do is send a postcard to the B.E.D. Association, 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2, and it will be sent to you quite free of cost.

PEROXIDE will bleach the hairs on your arms and legs if you treat them every night for about a month. Start now to be ready for your holiday.

QUITE a good idea to prevent drips on the tablecloth is to grease the mouth or your cream or custard jug with a little butter. The liquid will slip back into the jug instead of running down the outside.

REMEMBER to remove the hose from the lawn to the garden before exposing yourself to the sun, and keep the back of your neck protected.

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JUST remember these tips when on holiday this year. Don't bathe directly after a meal or on an empty stomach. An hour and a half after eating is a good time and allows your food to be digested.

NEVER bathe in a strange place unless you know that it is quite safe. Ask a local inhabitant first whether there are any crocodiles or alligators.

ON very hot days do not sit in the sun for too long. Always put on plenty of oil or suntan cream before exposing yourself to the sun, and keep the back of your neck protected.

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CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

The discomfort caused by a strong dose of medicine can be agonisingly painful to a child. It is like turning a screw in the tender, sensitive little bowels.

How different is the gentle, smooth, easy action of "California Syrup of Figs." It is a pure fruit laxative that starts a natural movement which carries away all the hard, clogged up waste-matter from the bowels without worrying the child in the least. In a few hours after all the half-digested food and poisonous, fermenting waste-matter have passed from the bowels, the child is like a different being—happy, contented and full of "go."

The internal cleansing which California Syrup of Figs gives is positive but gentle, and without the faintest twinge of discomfort.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of "California Syrup of Figs" once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well.

California Syrup of Figs is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is safe for children. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get "California Syrup of Figs" brand.—Advt.

Why I use the new Poudre Tokalon

It is made in so many up-to-date flattering shades.

It is finer and lighter than any other powder I know.

I love its exquisite real flower perfume.

I find it stays on all day long.

Mousse of Cream secret.

It keeps my complexion fresh and lovely even in wind and rain.

I am sure I could not buy a better powder at any price.

PRINCESS ALA TROUBETZKOY

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PRINCESS ALA TROUBETZKOY



ARE you hip-conscious in this year's full-skirted frocks? New York has nearly solved this problem and one of the latest designs is shown in the sketch.

This dress is cut with a plain back, and the full-skirted front is gathered at the bodice. It will be the "keep slim" fro

DANCING STAR



Raymond Massey, whose wife, Adrienne Allen, is seeking a Reno divorce, dancing with Mrs. Dorothy Whitney, a prominent socialite.

NO "FIRE" ON THETIS

LEADING-STOKER ARNOLD, one of the four men who escaped from the Thetis disaster, amplified yesterday what Rear-Admiral Fraser had said about his having seen smoke in the submarine just before he got through the escape hatch.

"I don't want the statement to be misinterpreted by relatives of the lost men," he said. "I don't want them to be under the impression that any of their menfolk were burned."

"It was not a fire in the ordinary sense. It was an electrical fire—there was just a glow for a few seconds and then some smoke."

"I was in the vessel when it occurred. Just after Captain Oram and Mr. Woods went up to the surface. There was a little sea water getting into the vessel and it got on to the main motors and caused a slight short-circuit."

BLAZE IMPOSSIBLE

"Anybody with any common sense," said Mr. Arnold, "would have known that a fire could not have raged in the atmosphere which existed at that time. If you had struck a match it would not have burned because of the confined atmosphere. There was no oxygen there—at least, not enough to support a light."

"It must have been terrible for the relatives when they read that a fire had occurred on board, and I would like to allay that impression as soon as I possibly can, and as thoroughly as I can."

"The loss of the men using candles was absolutely ridiculous. It was just one little puff of smoke with the smell of burning which penetrated throughout the ship but was of no consequence."

"IRON LUNG" MAN AT THE RACES

Auteuil, Saturday. Mr. Frederick Snite, the man who has lived for three years in an "iron lung" (without which he cannot breathe) following an attack of infantile paralysis, watched the races here this afternoon.

He was drawn in his trailer to the public field, where he was enabled to see what passed by an arrangement of mirrors.—Reuter.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

'Worth a guinea a box'



"The best home medicine is Beecham's Pills . . ."
Millions today owe their long, vigorous healthy lives to Beecham's Pills. This letter from a lady expresses gratitude which is almost universal. She says: "I am enjoying perfect health, both mental and physical. I attribute this in a great measure to the fact that I have taken Beecham's Pills for the past 35 years. I consider the best home medicine is Beecham's Pills." RESTORE and PRESERVE your good health with this world-famous, purely vegetable laxative, and prove that Beecham's Pills are Worth a Guinea a Box! Beecham's Pills are sold everywhere.

Beecham's Pills
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

Britons Earn Six Thousand Million Pounds

MANY OF US ARE GROWING RICHER

"The People's" Secret Service News

M.R. CHAMBERLAIN WILL TELL THE HOUSE OF COMMONS THIS WEEK THAT HE WOULD BE WILLING TO TAKE PART IN A WORLD CONFERENCE TO DISCUSS THE SETTLEMENT OF INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTIES—IF HITLER AND MUSSOLINI DROP FORCE AS A WEAPON AND DISCUSS THE QUESTIONS IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF REASON.

A copy of Lord Halifax's recent speech has been handed to Herr von Ribbentrop by the British Ambassador in Berlin. So if Hitler wants to talk, the British offer of a square deal paves the way.

Hitler has given orders for the launching of a propaganda campaign, demanding the return by Britain of Gibraltar to Spain.

The first signs of the campaign appeared in the Italian papers yesterday. Gibraltar is now so strongly fortified, however, that there is nothing to fear.

Pierce fighting has broken out in Abyssinia, though news of this is being kept from the Italian people. An Italian column was routed with heavy casualties by Ras Abebe Arragel, near Bulga a few days ago, and three other chiefs have attacked in other parts of the country. New attacks are likely when the heavy rains begin.

Negotiations will open shortly between Britain and Bulgaria with a view to living up that country against the Axis. Hitler is equally anxious to get Bulgaria on his side.

Herr Wohltat, Nazi foreign trade expert, has gone to Spain to seek a trade agreement, under which Franco would supply Germany with raw materials for the munition industries—quicksilver and iron ore—in payment for the German guns and planes that have been left in Spain.

Quicksilver is now controlled by a joint Italian and Spanish cartel.

There is no interruption of supplies to Britain at present—but the right to say whether Britain shall be able to buy rests with the Axis Powers.

German tanks and armoured cars have been landed in Albania. Aeroplanes are to follow. This

is another step in Hitler's policy of tightening his hold over Mussolini.

He already has troops in Italian Libya.

Hitler fears that Italy may be wooed away from the Axis, and means to make it impossible for Mussolini to double-cross him.

Sir John Simon's scheme for taxing munition profits will be laid before the House of Commons this week. It will shock people who thought profits would be on the same scale as in the last war.

But it will be fair to manufacturers, and will give bonuses for extra speedy output.

On learning of the speed of Britain's newest planes, Goering has had to put thousands of German planes on the reserve list. They would be hopelessly outclassed in battle.

Dr. Schacht, while in India last week, sent a message through Gandhi's son to Gandhi, suggesting that Nazis and Indian Home Rulers should work together against Britain. He was severely snubbed, and told that Britain's methods were much preferred to Germany's.

British, French and Polish Air Staffs are to meet in London to discuss joint strategy. Following that, a British Air Mission will go to Poland to be permanently attached to Polish Air Force headquarters.

Despite denials, there will be a new First Lord of the Admiralty before the General Election. Apart from his recent mistakes, which have brought him prominently into the limelight, Lord Stanhope is not liked by the Admirals.

All the British destroyers which are too old for service with the Battle Fleet are being withdrawn and fitted with anti-aircraft guns, so that they can be used for conveying merchant ships in war time.

Increasing numbers of illegal news-sheets are being circulated in Germany. Half a million people are reading them regularly. The anti-Nazi German Freedom League has at least this number of active members.

HITLER IS A FIDGET!

HERE is a perfect example of what is known as the British "genius for understatement."

Miss M. L. Potter, of South Hampstead High School, told the Association of Head Mistresses' Conference at Bradford yesterday that, during the September crisis, she overheard someone say:

"This Hitler, he do seem a fidget, don't he?"

OUTWARD BOUND



Girls of the Royal Sailors' Daughters' Home leaving Hampstead for their annual outing arranged by London taximen.

Victim Of The Nazis STOWAWAY HAS FORTUNE, BUT—

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

PENILESS IN LONDON, THOUGH WITH ASSETS WORTH £30,000 WHICH HE DARE NOT CLAIM IN HIS NATIVE AUSTRIA, A FORTY-YEARS-OLD ALIEN REVEALED YESTERDAY THE MALTREATMENT HE RECEIVED AT THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS IN VIENNA.

So fearful was he of serious consequences to his relatives in Austria that he requested his name should not be revealed.

The Old-st. magistrate, before whom he was charged with being an unregistered alien, consented to this,



DEANNA GOES TO THE RACES. Now grown up, the former child singing star of the screen has a day off from the studios and spends it on the Turf.

though he recommended the man for deportation.

The man came to England on June 4 as a stowaway and was arrested. Mr. S. Rutter (defending) said that the man had been a member of the Austrian Stock Exchange.

His home in Vienna had been completely smashed by Nazis and he had been imprisoned and beaten.

At length he managed to escape and crossed the frontier into Belgium, at one time being dragged, exhausted, through the snow for 16 hours.

At Antwerp he was given sanctuary, but on May 31 was told he would be imprisoned if he did not leave at once. He was now destitute and was being helped by charitable people. He voluntarily surrendered himself to the police, to whom he had rendered every assistance.

P.-C. Steadman said that enquiries had failed to trace the boat by which the man had arrived in this country.

The Magistrate, making the recommendation for deportation, remanded the man on bail on condition that he reported to the aliens authorities on any required date.

A personal assurance that the costs would be paid was given by Mr. Rutter.

ILLNESS COST THEM MILLIONS

SICKNESS COST BRITISH ENGINEERS MORE THAN £6,000,000 IN LOST WAGES LAST YEAR.

This is the estimate of Mr. W. McLaine, Assistant General Secretary, who told the National Committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, during consideration of the report of the Approved Society, at the annual conference at Llandudno yesterday, that last year every

member had, on the average, eleven and a quarter days off for sickness.

If they took the whole of the male workers in the engineering industry, and if those eleven and a quarter days applied to each, no fewer than 12,375,000 working days were lost last year through sickness, involving a loss in wages of £6,187,500.

Mr. McLaine told the conference of "crisis neurosis" among Union members, and said a considerable amount of sickness had arisen from the fear of war.

The conference adjourned until Monday further consideration of a resolution from Glasgow on future wage policy, instructing the Executive to make immediate application to the employers for a wage increase of 10s. a week on the basic rate, and, failing a satisfactory offer within three months, to take a strike ballot.

£30,000,000 MORE WAGES THIS YEAR

BY OUR INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

OUR NATIONAL INCOME, WHICH AMOUNTED TO £5,800,000,000 LAST YEAR, WILL THIS YEAR EXCEED £6,000,000,000—SUFFICIENT TO MEET THE COST OF THE ARMAMENTS PROGRAMME BETWEEN TWO AND THREE TIMES OVER, OR TO MEET THE EXPENDITURE UNDER THIS YEAR'S BUDGET FIVE TIMES.

All sections of the community are sharing in the increased prosperity.

Wages, up to the end of last month, were £30,000,000 a year higher than last year.

During the past week, a million engineers have been given a £5,000,000 a year rise.

Rises are also under negotiation in the railway, agricultural and distributive industries.

More than half a million more men and women are in employment than at the beginning of this year, and that means a further addition to the wage bill of between £50,000,000 and £75,000,000 a year.

INNOCENTS IN CLASS

TOLD AT YESTERDAY'S CONFERENCE OF THE ASSOCIATION OF HEAD MISTRESSES AT BRADFORD:

A girl was asked the question, "A shepherd sold a third of his flock for £25. What would the rest of the flock realise?" she replied: "It would realise that some of the sheep were missing."

A student, copying out an example, wrote: "The committee consists of ten persons, comprising five of either sex."

The takings of retail shops are increasing month by month—especially in the food and clothing trades.

Stock Exchange prices have risen considerably during the past three months, sometimes by as much as 30 per cent., though many securities suffered a temporary setback last week owing to the delay in signing the Anglo-Russian Treaty.

But confidence in the future of industry is growing, and will continue to grow.

Another £200,000,000 still has to be spent this year on the armament programme, and the extra labour this will employ will mean extra spending power, which, in turn, will mean extra orders for the civilian trades.

Even should a settlement of European difficulties make it unnecessary to continue the armament programme on its present high level, such a development would not cause a slump.

In the first place, the confidence created would cause an immediate boom in such industries as building, furniture, clothing and motor-cars.

Moreover, the local authorities of the country, at the request of the Government, have drawn up a programme of public works which will provide £1,000,000,000 worth of work spread over a five-year programme.

RECRUITING

BEATS RECORD

Recruiting for the Regular Army last month easily beat all records since the war.

Men accepted totalled 6,287, an increase of 2,356 compared with the same period last year.

Returns from the Commands were: Eastern (including London), 1,962; Northern, 1,430; Scottish, 465; Southern (including Birmingham), 1,074; Western (including Wolverhampton), 1,277; Northern Ireland District, 129.

WHOOPEE!



Holidays that go with a swing.

BRITAIN'S NEW OFFER TO RUSSIA

By Our Diplomatic Correspondent

MR. WILLIAM STRANG, the Foreign Office expert, goes to Moscow to-morrow with a formula in his pocket which is regarded as making possible almost immediate agreement between the British and Soviet Governments.

The formula has already been agreed to by the French Government, so that the signing of the Three Power Defence Pact should now be effected without delay.

By the formula, Russia is entitled to claim that an attack by Germany on the Baltic States of Latvia, Estonia or Finland would constitute a menace to her vital interests, and that if she decided to resist such an attack by force, she would be entitled to call on Britain and France for support.

Thus these three countries, though they have themselves insisted that they wish to remain neutral, would be put in the same position as Belgium.

It is now believed that there will be no further obstacles to the signing of the pact which Russia has raised with regard to other clauses are only of a very minor character.

You can't enjoy life if you're Depressed-Weak-Nervous-Rundown

REFUEL your GLANDS!

with VIKELP'S MINERALS & VITAMINS

At Last, You Too Can Have the Minerals and Vitamins Which Bring You New Health, Vigour, Strength, Calm Nerves, Rich Red Blood. Know the Joy of Health and Beauty!

In the last 50 years medical science has increased the span of life from 45 to 65 years. Now, with the latest discovery—feeding Minerals and Vitamins to the glands which control the body—they claim that they may even increase the life average to 100 years.

Up till now only the rich could afford the money and time to take these glandular re-fuelling treatments of costly Mineral and Vitamin extracts. But "Vikelp" today gives YOU the health, strength and vigour which yesterday only the rich could afford. Because "Vikelp" tablets are made from a sea plant which grows in the Pacific Ocean. So rich is this plant that no costly Mineral-Vitamin extraction process is necessary. The entire plant is concentrated into "Vikelp" tablets. It is the world's richest known source of all 9 Minerals, Food Iodine and the important Vitamins, especially Vitamin B; these are absolutely essential to the well-being of the human system.

If you are weak, rundown, nervy, anemic, depressed—suffer from stomach ailments, sciatic or other "deficiency" diseases—"re-fuel" yourself with "Vikelp." At once your glandular secretions begin to flow—you become vigorous, vital, alive—it revitalises the nerves—re-energises and rejuvenates the whole system. Every part of you feels stronger—nerves calm—eyes sparkle—you feel new life surging through your whole being. You make yourself—and your appetite—happy.

IF IN DOUBT this is your guarantee—take "Vikelp" Brand Mineral-Vitamin Tablets for 30 days. If you feel that it has not done all that we told you, merely send back the carton; your money will be refunded. Start "Vikelp" today. Prices 7/9 Test Size; 3/6 ten-day Guarantee Size; 6/9 Economy Size; 17/6 Hospital Size.

NOTICE TO VIKELP USERS—
"Vikelp" Tablets are now sold in a SMALL CONCENTRATED TASTELESS FORM FOR SWALLOWING as well as eating tablets. YOUR CHEMIST HAS BOTH

AMAZING GIFT

TO WOMEN READERS OF "THE PEOPLE"



HERE'S the most thrilling surprise for women ever announced in "The People"! Just think of it! A T-W-E-N-T-Y-N-I-N-E P-I-E-C-E TEA SERVICE in glorious high-glaze Staffordshire semi-porcelain—YOURS AS A GIFT! That is the astonishing invitation extended to you, as a new reader, to-day by "WOMAN," the great national home weekly. Act at Once!

★ It is the opportunity of a lifetime—a mammoth gift that will be hailed with delight by women everywhere. Can you imagine it! TWENTY-NINE superb pieces—a magnificent Tea Service that is absolutely COMPLETE down to the smallest detail—and every piece perfectly matched and embellished with a dainty line of coral and a line of gleaming silver—each piece a masterpiece of one of the world's most famous potteries. You can well understand the INSTANT response this wonderful invitation will evoke. There isn't a moment to lose. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Read the unique, simple way in which YOU can participate in the surprise sensation of the year! This glorious Tea Service comes to you in three separate self-contained Sets—each in itself a gift of unparalleled beauty and usefulness. Here they are:—

FREE! SET ONE
SIX CUPS, SIX SAUCERS and SIX PLATES—Eighteen Pieces in all—a lovely complete array of serving pieces for six people, each cup 2½ in. deep, saucers 5½ in. across, and plates 6½ in. across.

FREE! SET TWO
LARGE CAPACITY TEA POT, TEA POT STAND, 1 pint HOT WATER JUG, SLOP BASIN and SUGAR BASIN—Five valuable pieces in all—that form a delightful 5-Piece Tea-Pot Set—absolutely complete in itself—yet a perfect match with the eighteen pieces described above.

FREE! SET THREE
OVAL BREAD PLATE, ROUND CAKE PLATE, HALF-PINT CREAM JUG, JAM DISH, BUTTER DISH and LID, and a THREE-QUARTERS PINT MILK JUG. The Six-Piece Set, complete in itself, is identical in finish and design to the 18-Piece Serving Set and 5-Piece Tea Pot Set, forming in all, TWENTY-NINE lovely pieces—an absolutely comprehensive Service to do credit to the finest home. NOW read how to make the 29-Piece Service YOURS!

DO THIS NOW

First, complete the Reservation Form and Label on right, and post them at once. Affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label. SEND NO MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. You will then be sent Three Gift Vouchers entitling you to qualify for your Tea Service in the three self-contained Sets given. Set One will be set aside, ready for dispatch when your First Gift Voucher is returned.

TO QUALIFY for Set One, you, as a new reader of "WOMAN," return this Gift Voucher, accompanied by Sixteen Tokens cut from consecutive issues of "WOMAN." Tokens eligible are the Series "P" in the right hand bottom corner inside the back cover of "WOMAN." Applicants may commence with No. "P.39" from the magnificent issue on sale Thursday, June 15, Price 2d.

Together with your completed Voucher and Tokens for Set One, you send in the nominal sum of only 1s. 6d. (one shilling and sixpence), which includes insurance against breakage in transit, special packing and carriage home, etc.

Immediately you have qualified for Set One you may proceed to qualify for Set Two and, after that for Set Three in exactly the same way, i.e., by sending 16 consecutive tokens and remittance of 1s. 6d. with each Voucher. YOUR RESERVATION FORM does NOT commit you to carry on and obtain Set Two and Three unless you wish.

THAT IS ALL. There is nothing more to do, except to see that your newsagent holds a written order for the regular supply of your copies of "WOMAN." NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE COMPLETE TEA SERVICE.

URGENT Do not delay a moment! Decide now to seize this amazing opportunity. Imagine the colossal demand this unprecedented offer will create. This splendid 29-piece Tea Service can be YOURS. But you must act SWIFTLY. Reserve NOW!

HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

IMPORTANT—It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of copies of "WOMAN." Hand him the form below TO-DAY.

"Woman" The National Home Weekly, 2d. Every Thursday.

ORDER FORM

To: (Name of Newsagent)
Address:
Please deliver or reserve a copy of "Woman" for me weekly until further notice.
Signature:
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

POST FORMS BELOW TO-DAY

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

29-PIECE TEA SERVICE in 3 Self-Contained Sets

RESERVATION FORM

Address your envelope to "Women," exactly as shown below and post to Tea Service Dept. N.T., "Woman," 2, Arno Street, London, W.C.2. (Post.)

This Form reserves your 29-piece Tea Service without obligation.

Please reserve my complete 29-piece Tea Service, and send me a descriptive holder and Three Official Gift Vouchers on which to qualify for Set No. 2 or Set No. 3, unless I wish to undertake as a NEW READER to place an order with my Newsagent for the regular supply of copies of "Woman," and give below his name and address for verification purposes.

New Reader's Signature:

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS:

Newsagent's Name:
Address:

Leave blank Verifies

Stamp: HALFPIENNY

Stamp: A Halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU

Stamp: FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Stamp: LAST DAY FOR RECEIPT OF DESCRIPTIONS FROM THIS ANNOUNCEMENT THURS. JUNE 30

This scheme applies only to persons residing in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland or Eire. Applicants in Gt. Britain will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

No person may apply for more than one 29-piece Tea Service. "The People," 11.6.39

W.T.B.

This Marriage Bureau Has Proved It!

THERE'S MONEY IN ROMANCE
THESE GIRLS
GIVE CUPID A
HELPING HAND

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS—THERE'S MONEY IN IT! I'VE JUST MET TWO YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE DOING VERY NICELY, THANK YOU, OUT OF MATCH-MAKING.

They are Mary Oliver, daughter of a country parson, and Heather Jenner, whose father is a Brigadier-General. And they specialise in providing lonely women with huddies and gay bachelors with wives.

When I called upon Mary and Heather a few weeks ago, they had just started their Marriage Bureau in aristocratic Bond-st. They were wondering whether it would be a flop or a success.

Yesterday I looked in, and what a change there was! Mary Oliver, sitting at a big desk, was confronted by a vast pile of letters, dictating replies to a small corps of secretaries.

"We're doing so well," she told me, "that we're about to move into bigger and better premises just along the street."

"I had no idea there was such a demand for this kind of service. I can't tell you off-balance the number of romances we've fixed up—but (rough work) every one of them has gone right, and there have been no grumbles."

The telephone on Mary's desk buzzed. She lifted the receiver and spoke.

"That was a titled woman, she said. 'She's rung up to tell me she's engaged to one of my eligibles. I love to hear news like that.'"

Smile wonder Mary likes to hear of romances ripening. For every wedding that takes place under the Bureau's wing, so to speak, brings at least 20 guineas rolling in to the firm.

"Widows of forty or thereabouts who want to wed sensible widowers are a bit of a problem, Mary went on. 'Every post brings stacks of applications from widows, but it's a job getting enough widowers to go round.'"

So far, no bride has been found for the son of a titled widow, a young man with about £2,500 a year. His mother put his name down on the Bureau's books some time ago, but he's apparently rather difficult to please.

A noted actor, who has a big following of girl "fans," a famous athlete and an author—these are among the men who have asked Mary and Heather to fix them up matrimonially.

The girls and women on the Bureau's roll are a varied and wonderful lot, if one can judge by the reports received of them.

"This job has given me a remarkable insight into the hearts of my fellow-beings," Mary went on.

"No, I'm not thinking of getting married myself—just yet," she added. Believe it or not, there is a woman of eighty who wants a husband, and an heiress who registered because she believes that if her suitors don't know she's wealthy she will have a much better chance of making a true-love marriage.

Thursday Is St. Vitus Day

THURSDAY (JUNE 15) IS ST. VITUS'S DAY. EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF ST. VITUS'S DANCE. DID YOU KNOW THAT ST. VITUS WAS A CHRISTIAN MARTYR, BORN IN SICILY SIXTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO?

Back in the Fourth Century young Guido St. Vitus was converted by his Christian nurse, much to his father's indignation. He fled into Italy but was persecuted and died.

For years a wet St. Vitus's Day was taken as a sign of a rainy season, much as St. Swithin's Day is. But it was an accident that made his name known to all the world.

A little chapel near Ulm (Germany) was dedicated to the saint. One day a woman, stricken with a peculiar nervous trembling, spent hours there praying to the saint. She was cured.

Crowds flocked to the chapel, hoping to be cured of similar complaints. The disease became known as St. Vitus's dance, a name now given to all nervous affections that affect the muscles of motion.

Naturalised Britons—

TERRORISED
INTO BEING
NAZI SPIES

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

MANY GERMANS WHO HAVE BECOME NATURALISED BRITISH SUBJECTS AND WHO HAVE GROWN TO LOVE THE LAND THAT HAS GRANTED THEM REFUGE FROM THE NAZI TERROR, ARE FACED WITH A TERRIBLE DILEMMA.

They have been approached by Nazi secret agents and told to find out certain information of interest to the Fatherland.

"Find out what we want to know," they are told, "or else..."

"Or else" is a gentle hint that unless they obey the commands of the Nazi "high-ups" relatives in their home country may feel the pressure of the iron heel.

This was revealed to me yesterday by grave-faced Leon Turrou, U.S. G-Man who unmasked the Nazi "spy ring" in America, and who probably knows more behind-the-scenes stories of the Third Reich Secret Service than any other man.

During the great American round-up, G-Man Turrou learned that dozens of Germans who had become loyal U.S. citizens had been approached with similar demands.

"They say that friends and relatives in Britain are faced with the same dilemma," he told me in London yesterday.

THEN THEY "TURN ON THE HEAT"

"First of all the Nazi agents appeal to their patriotism. If this fails, they 'turn on the heat.'"

During the American clean-up, Mr. Turrou learned a great deal about the methods of Nazi spies in the European democracies.

"In almost every country of the world German men and women who have renounced their nationality are bound to act as part-time secret agents," he said.

"Germany has the largest, though not the most efficient, spy system in the world."

"Nazi agents enter countries by signing on as members of the crew of German ships."

"When the vessels reach port these men 'fall sick,' and in many cases they are able to land."

"Many of the secret agents who gain admittance to a country in this manner are members of the Gestapo, the German secret police."

"Their main task is to keep up on their fellow countrymen."

"For instance, it is the custom for Germany to sell secrets about the demoralisation of Japan at a price three times as great as she pays for them."

"But recently Nazi spies have been dealing direct with Japan, and this has aroused the disapproval of the Fatherland."

"Consequently a purge of Germany's spies is expected in the near future."

SERVICE BIG, BUT NOT EFFICIENT

G-Man Turrou believes that though the Nazi Secret Service is a huge organisation with agents in every country of the world, it is not as efficient as it might be.

"In many instances methods adopted are so clumsy as to be almost laughable," he said.

"For instance, one woman who was caught possessed many code messages which might have been very difficult to decipher. But when her room was searched the code key was found in a bottom drawer."

"Though German spies, on the whole, are not as cunning as they might be, they are relentless in their search for information."

"If they have an objective they do not care what happens so long as they attain it."

"Spies employed by most foreign countries are lone hands and, if they are caught, receive little help from officialdom."

"But in the German Secret Service it is different. Germany does everything she can to release her agents who are imprisoned."

"During the great spy trial in America many witnesses—naturalised Americans, some of them—were ab-

Secluded Farm Was—
ROBBER GANG'S
HIDE-OUT

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Wolverhampton, Saturday.

ACTIVITIES OF A GANG OF LONDON HOUSE-BREAKERS WHO USED CELLULOID TO RELEASE THE CATCHES ON DOORS, AND WHO, IT WAS ALLEGED, HAD OPERATED FOR SOME EIGHT MONTHS

FROM A REMOTE GLOUCESTERSHIRE FARM, COMMITTING OFFENCES ALL OVER THE WEST OF ENGLAND, WERE DESCRIBED AT THE POLICE COURT HERE TO-DAY.

Sidney Coleman Garvin, thirty-five, of Paget-rd., Stoke Newington, N., who, it was stated, was a member of the gang, was sentenced to three months' hard labour for being found on enclosed premises, the offices of William Hayes and Son., Ltd., Litchfield-st., Wolverhampton, on June 2.

Chief Detective-Inspector Pemberton made an application, which was granted, that Garvin should contribute towards his own maintenance in prison from the £50 odd found in his possession when arrested.

Detective-Constable Rawlings said that on the way to the C.I.D. station Garvin threw away a piece of celluloid, and at the station other pieces of celluloid were found hidden on him.

Pointing to the door of the C.I.D. offices, Garvin said, according to the witness, "I could undo that door as easily as anything with that stuff."

13 CONVICTIONS

There were also found on him a screw-driver, a file and keys, including a skeleton key.

Inspector Pemberton said there were 13 convictions against Garvin between 1935 and 1937.

The Metropolitan Police, added the chief inspector, had declared that the gang operated from the Gloucestershire farm-house, and had been responsible for offences all over the country. When arrested at Bath, Garvin had seven pieces of celluloid similar to those produced.

Mr. S. Moore, of London, defending, said that, since his last offence, Garvin went straight until he became unemployed.



Margaret Rawlings as Eliza Doolittle in Shaw's "Pygmalion," which opens at the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday.

CONGRATULATIONS

TO-DAY "The People" extends hearty congratulations to the following readers on the occasion of their wedding anniversaries:

GOLDEN WEDDINGS.—Mr. and Mrs. R. Harris, "Abbeyside," 61, Northwood-rd., Parkenton-on-Sen; Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, 3, Coronation-rd., Park Royal, N.W.; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Small, 37, Cambrian-rd., S.E.; Mr. and Mrs. Whitbread, 215, Bev Common-lane, Burdett-rd., E.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hastings, Seaham Harbour, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Munn, 28, Ealing-rd., Walthamstow, E.; Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Ball, 21, Inville-rd., S.E.; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. E. Walker, 26, Windsor-rd., Willesden Green.

SILVER WEDDINGS.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Bush, 501, Hornsey-rd., Highbury, N.; Mr. and Mrs. F. Coleby, 2, Burton-st., Lowestoft; Mr. and Mrs. Lucas.

ALSO.—Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Elderton, 14, Lewis-rd., Chichester (50 years married); Mr. and Mrs. W. Stephens, 77, Kilburn Park-rd., N.W. (55 years); Mr. and Mrs. H. Russell, The Bungalow, Gt. Walsingham (34 years); Mr. and Mrs. A. Willison, The Laurels, Huddersfield (24 years); Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Munn, 56, Elm-rd., Leytonstone, E. (55 years).

Here's Miss Garson—

She Is Latest
Thing In "Stars"

GREER GARSON, THE IRISH GIRL WHOSE FIRST FILM HAS JUST HAD ITS PREMIERE IN LONDON, IS NOW THE BIGGEST NAME IN HOLLYWOOD.

The Hollywood premiere anticipated the London showing of the film, "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips," and made Miss Garson a "star" overnight.

The girl nobody knew in Hollywood is now regarded as the brightest thing in the firmament, and already the script writers are rushing her next picture, "Susan and God."

Miss Garson was the only one of the leading players in "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips," to be in Hollywood for the premiere.

The American critics have hailed the film as a winner, and one of them described Miss Garson as the most attractive actress he ever saw.

Miss Garson, born in Ireland, is a Bachelor of Arts of London University. She was playing on the London stage two years ago when she was seen by Louis B. Mayer and lured to Hollywood.

"I got to Hollywood just before Christmas, 1937," said Miss Garson.

"For the first four months I enjoyed doing nothing. I toured California and dropped in occasionally at the studios, and had a grand time."

"But then I began to get bored. As more months passed and the salary cheques kept arriving, and I still had nothing to do, I got nervous. I made dozens of tests, but nothing ever happened."

"A year passed without me doing a thing, and not only was I ill, I was frantic."

"Then they offered me this part in 'Mr. Chips,' with Donat starring, so I returned to England to make the film, without having done a stroke of work in Hollywood."—B.U.P.

DUKE OF WINDSOR TO
DINE WITH NAZI ENVOY

Paris, Saturday

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor will be the guests of Count von Helldorf, the German Ambassador to France, at a dinner party in Paris on June 22, it is stated in reliable quarters in Paris to-day.

When the British United Press telephoned to a member of the Duke's entourage and asked if this report were accurate the reply was, "It would not be impossible."—B.U.P.

Matri-Money,
In The
Courts!

HUSBAND: "WHEN MY WIFE GRUMBLES THAT I WASTED MONEY GAMBLING, WHAT SHE MEANS IS THAT SHE LOST A LOT OF MONEY FOLLOWING MY RACING TIPS."

Man: "It's no use being conciliatory with a woman who is determined to quarrel. The only thing to do is to take cover."

Woman: "I told my husband that if I'd known him as well before our marriage as I do now I wouldn't have married him, and he said: 'Every woman says that. That shows how happy you are!'"

Wife: "My husband has said that if I want money I've only got to ask. When I do he tells me there's no harm in wanting."

Husband: "I am not trying to evade my debts."

Soliloquist: "What about your wife?"

Husband: "She comes under the same heading."

Clerk to woman: "You may not question your husband until he has concluded his evidence."

Man: "Yes. Once I've said something they won't let me speak again."

Husband: "I always did my duty to my wife. I never let anyone else bully her."

Wife: "I cannot understand my husband's craving for drink. He used to be sober enough when he couldn't get any."

Woman: "When a P.C. came round and told him his driving licence might be suspended, he said: 'Do you think you could do anything about my marriage licence?'"

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Thrilling Summer Surprise for Children of People Readers

THIS MAGNIFICENT
KODAK MADE
CAMERA

MOTHERS! Fathers! Uncles! Aunts! —here's a wonderful opportunity to give the youngsters a tremendous SURPRISE! To-day "Mickey Mouse Weekly," the great fun paper for all the family, invites you to accept — FREE — a magnificent HANDY-SIZE MIRACLE CAMERA — A "HAWKEYE No. 127 FILM" CAMERA — made in Great Britain by KODAK LTD. This great GIFT is made to introduce "Mickey Mouse Weekly" to an even larger circle of friends—the demand will be tremendous and the offer is limited to the first 20,000 applicants—APPLY AT ONCE.

The results obtainable from this wonderful Kodak-made Camera are equal to those obtainable with a £2-2-0 Camera. A child can use this amazing camera—it's the last word in simplicity with its special curved focus field inside which ensures brilliant over-all clear pictures, and its QUICK ACTION VIEW-FINDER with which it is possible to see in a flash what is being taken.

The "Hawkeye No. 127 Film" Camera is fitted with the popular Meniscus Achromatic lens, and the camera itself, except for the front, is covered with handsome black morocco-grained art leather. The metal frame front is rustless finished and all other metal parts are nickel plated and have a rustless finish.

Hurry! Post the Forms below AT ONCE!

DO THIS NOW!

All you are asked to do is AS A NEW READER, to give "Mickey Mouse Weekly" 2d. every Friday a fair trial for Eight Weeks. Fill in the Reservation Form "A" and Label on the right. Affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label and post at once.

On receipt of the Reservation Form and Label you will be sent your GIFT VOUCHER on which you qualify by affixing to the Voucher 5 consecutive Date Lines cut from separate issues of "Mickey Mouse Weekly." Then send in 5 Tokens affixed to the Voucher and your GIFT VOUCHER will be sent to you. The Voucher is valid for the next three months, it entitles you to a gift of a "Mickey Mouse Weekly" (a fair trial for eight weeks). I will see that the usual conditions of the trial are met for the trial period of "Mickey Mouse Weekly" and give my name and address to Verification purposes.

APPLY AT ONCE! URGENT! All applications in strict rotation. Do not act on one Reservation Form 10-10-39.

POST FORMS AT ONCE!

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

"HAWKEYE No. 127 FILM" KODAK CAMERA FREE

Address your envelope exactly as shown below and post to:— Camera Dept. (4.1.) "Mickey Mouse Weekly" 3, Arno Street, London, W.2 (Post.)

This form reserves the "Hawkeye" Camera for you. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in person on Friday, Hawkeye No. 127 Film Camera and send in a Voucher on which to qualify. I have not purchased "Mickey Mouse Weekly" for the past three months, I promise to give "Mickey Mouse Weekly" a fair trial for eight weeks. I will see that the usual conditions of the trial are met for the trial period of "Mickey Mouse Weekly" and give my name and address to Verification purposes.

New Reader's Signature: _____ Full Postal Address: _____

Newsagent's Name: _____ Checked and Verified: _____

Date: _____ District Supervisor: _____

The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is Tuesday, June 20. This offer of a free trial is only for residents of Great Britain, Ireland or Eire. Applications from Eire will be required to be sent by post. No charges that may be levied.

Front Rank
Fashion
News

For real summer smartness you must have a light flannel suit consisting of a long bolero jacket and a slim straight skirt. This one is PURE WOOL, grey flannel costs 17/- but actually it is worth more than twice as much! Prove this by trying one on (without the slightest obligation) and seeing for yourself how the immaculate tailoring of this flannel suit makes a beautiful figure.

Send a deposit (returnable) of not less than 10/- for complete suit. Pay the balance in one sum or 10/- monthly whichever you prefer. Nothing added to the cash price for deferred payment. This is a bargain you must not miss.

SEND NOW! This is a bargain you must not miss.

Best Work Done on APPROVAL

Special Special Grey Flannel Suit (10/-). I enclose crossed bill (Postage) for an 10/- deposit. Please, please! with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address. Oversee full costs. People think.

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Special Special Grey Flannel Suit (10/-). I enclose crossed bill (Postage) for an 10/- deposit. Please, please! with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address. Oversee full costs. People think.

Best Work Done on APPROVAL

Special Special Grey Flannel Suit (10/-). I enclose crossed bill (Postage) for an 10/- deposit. Please, please! with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address. Oversee full costs. People think.

Mary Pickford In A New Light

WORLD'S FILM SWEETHEART

He's "Doing Nicely" TRIUMPHS OF BLIND BOY PIANIST

Special to "The People"
HANDSOME SAM BENNIE, WONDER BOY PIANIST, TURNED SIGHTLESS BROWN EYES TOWARDS ME AND SAID: "GOSH, SHE'S A BEAUTY, ISN'T SHE?"

And Sam ran his slender hands over the keyboard and gleaming gold paint of the huge concert piano that stood in the corner of his bedroom.

Sam is proud of his new piano because of its wonderful depth of tone and a special contrivance that enables him to conjure up in music similar to that of a harpsichord.

But it is more than a super piano to the sightless lad. It is a sign that, after twelve years of ceaseless struggles, he has finally found success.

For, from among the ranks of some of the greatest players in Britain, the nineteen-year-old lad has been chosen by a famous manufacturing company to show to the world their latest model.

STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS
To-morrow, starting in North London, he begins a tour of music-halls throughout the country and at a salary many performers twice his age would be glad to command.

In between conjuring, with perfect touch, tunes old and new from his wonder instrument, Sam told me yesterday at his home in Foulton-road, Stoke Newington, of his struggle for success.

About eighteen months ago, when, in competition with 500 people who could see, I won an international championship at Streatham.

"The People" published my story, and since then I've been doing all right."

Two-Ton Tony As Romeo



Two-Ton Tony Galento, who shortly meets Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world, as Romeo opposite Nancy Carroll's Juliet during a recent radio skit.

NOW WAGES RELIGIOUS CRUSADE

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

PHILOSOPHERS ARE USUALLY STRANGE BEARDED MEN. BUT YESTERDAY I MET ONE QUITE DIFFERENT—A PICTURE OF LOVELINESS, CURLED UP IN A SOFA IN HER SUITE AT A LONDON HOTEL.

Mary Pickford is her name—the same Mary who has brought happiness to millions as the "World's Sweetheart," and is now winning fame with her books on religion.

"Mary," I said reproachfully, "they say you are going back to the gay world of films and the glitter and glamour of Hollywood."

"Yes," she replied, smiling.

MESSAGE TO HUMANITY

"But your books..." I challenged. "Does this mean you have lost the faith you proclaimed in them?"

"Gracious, no," she replied. "My faith is stronger and brighter than ever."

"But I am no great doctor who can cure the sick with his medical skill."

"I am no great prophet who can bring comfort and healing to the mind of man."

"I am an actress, and, as an actress, I can best get my message over to humanity. My films will all have spiritual themes."

"You see," she explained, "in my life I have had most of the things people dream about—glamour, wealth and success in abundance."

"Yet, lucky as I have been, there have been times when I have felt myself near the end of the road, when sorrow and despair have crept over me like a wet, black cloud."

FOUND HAPPINESS

"Then I have prayed for the faith and strength to carry on, and with that prayer I made a great discovery, something which has filled me with such joy and spiritual light that I want to share it with all the world."

"I found a power which could comfort and guide me, allow me to be happy within, although everywhere surrounded by trouble and heartbreak."

"Steinmetz, the electrical 'wizard,' was once asked what, in the next 50 years, would be the world's greatest development."

"If his audience expected him to say something along the lines of perpetual motion he was disappointed. The great man thought a moment, then said: 'The greatest discovery will be along spiritual lines. Here is a force which has produced the world's greatest men, yet we only play with it.'"

"Some day people will learn that material things don't bring happiness, and are of little use in making men creative and powerful."

"Then scientists will turn their laboratories over to God and prayer, and the spiritual forces which have not yet been touched."

"In a way we are all like millionaires who don't know how to sign cheques to get our money out of the bank," Mary added.

"For we do not know how to plug into the limitless power that is ours for the asking."

"We must be receptive and tune-in to God."

Accused Man's Protest

MURDER ARREST RUMOURS

THERE WERE RUMOURS THAT I WAS TO BE OR HAD BEEN ARRESTED FOR THE MURDER OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN. I THOUGHT MY ARREST MIGHT HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT."

This protest was made yesterday by Arthur Snelling Watkins, of Surrey-rd., Bournemouth, who was accused by his wife, Janet Watkins, of threatening her with personal violence.

Mrs. Watkins said she had been living apart from her husband for about two months. About 10.30 on Thursday night her husband came to the side entrance of her café and threatened to kill her and her sister.

Watkins, who denied the charge, said: "I said, 'I will come back and shoot you all out of here,' meaning to say I would clear them out of the shop."

He denied ever threatening his wife, or that he was separated from her. He said she was living apart because she objected to him going into the shop.

Watkins was bound over for a year in his own surety of £10 and another of £10 and ordered to pay 5s. costs.

RUMANIANS TO FLY HERE
A party of ten or fifteen Rumanian journalists, at the invitation of the British Council, are flying to London on June 19 for a 10-days visit to Britain.

—Exchange.



Linden Travers, who is appearing with Gordon Barker and Alastair Sim in "Inspector Hornleigh Takes a Holiday," now in production at Islington Studios.

THOUSANDS BENEFIT!

TIPPING-TIME'S HERE AGAIN!

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

NOW THAT THE SUMMER IS WELL UNDER WAY, THOUSANDS OF WORKERS WHO CATER FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS AND TOURISTS ARE GETTING THEIR SHARE OF THE BOOM IN TRADE—A GOLDEN HARVEST IN TIPS!

Millions of workers are having paid holidays, and travel agents report record numbers of tourists flocking into the country from abroad—some 100,000 visitors will have spent millions of pounds before the end of the holiday season.

All are potential tippers, and porters, waiters and other workers in hotels in London, seaside resorts and the provinces take special pains in looking after them.

Some head-porters and head-waiters are making from £20 to £25 a week on an average.

£40,000 FORTUNE

And most of these hotel workers are thrifty. Not having much leisure time to spend they bank their tips. So quite a lot of them are building up fortunes.

An Eastbourne head-waiter died worth more than £20,000 and a Manchester head-porter left no less than £40,000!

One man confessed to me yesterday that, during the season, head-porters and waiters can average in a boom year as much each week in tips as their managers get in salary.

Taxi-drivers too, picking up rich Americans and overseas visitors, are reaping a rich harvest.

A London chauffeur was given a big limousine as a tip by a rich American who, with his family, had made a tour of Britain!

Big tipping is also found on the Atlantic and cruise liners.

One steward told me that he averages as much as £30 weekly during the tourist season. Everybody carried is expected to tip the various workers on the boats—and they do!

Railway workers, too, get quite a lot of tips. These shillings and half-crowns tot

up to handy sums weekly during the season. About £4 weekly is no exception, while those who look carefully to the wants of train travellers can make a lot more.

Racing men and financiers sometimes tip with racing and Stock Exchange information; lifted lovers give chambermaids engagement rings and honeymooners give unwanted wedding presents as tips.

The record in tipping, however, is at a famous Continental hotel, where the head-porter made £200 a week in tips.

100 PIT PONIES AT ROYAL SHOW

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

PREPARATIONS ARE PROCEEDING APACE FOR THE CENTENARY SHOW OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND, WHICH IS TO BE HELD IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK FROM JULY 4 TO 8.

Although the show lasts only five days, building began last autumn, and there has sprung up a town of timber and canvas with a pipe water supply, several post offices, a fire station, shops and streets.

Among the features of the show will be 100 pit ponies to be exhibited by the Mining Association, parades being arranged in the show-ring daily.

The ponies vary in size from small Shetland and Welsh ponies used in the north-east of England, to Shire horses used in South Wales.

The ponies will be accompanied by

GARDEN NEWS

HOME-GROWN TOMATOES

By RICHARD SUDDELL, FRHS.

TOMATOES, outdoors, must have a sunny position and a rich soil. Get plants from a local nursery and see that they are sturdy, dark green in colour and free from disease.

On the allotment, the plants are best set in a row two feet apart. Four-foot canes or dahlias stakes should be fixed to each plant, or a couple of posts at either end of the row with wires fixed to which the plants can be trained.

For the outset, tomatoes need a little regular attention in removing the side shoots and watering in dry weather.

They will grow in any garden soil, but before planting this should be enriched with rotted manure.

When the plants are well established, tip with racing and Stock Exchange information; lifted lovers give chambermaids engagement rings and honeymooners give unwanted wedding presents as tips.

The record in tipping, however, is at a famous Continental hotel, where the head-porter made £200 a week in tips.

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When the plants are well established, tip with racing and Stock Exchange information; lifted lovers give chambermaids engagement rings and honeymooners give unwanted wedding presents as tips.

Fresh Marvel of Modern Science now ends internal CAUSE of SKIN SUFFERING



under Guarantee!

A discovery that has been termed—"A medical dream come true," completely removing the INTERNAL CAUSE of nearly all Rashes, Eruptions, Irritation, Ulcers, Spots, etc., and enabling SUCCESS TO BE GUARANTEED WITHIN FOURTEEN DAYS, is the latest marvel of modern science.

Below the eminent Research Chemist, whose work has received the enthusiastic endorsement of great Hospitals, Institutes and Clinics, where remarkable day-by-day results have been observed, even in appalling head-to-foot cases, explains how more than 30,000 sufferers have been brought to lasting skin health by its means, even though their afflictions had refused to respond to any other Treatment.

JACOB IGNATZ MROCHEM

the eminent Research Chemist whose discovery is one of the greatest medical advances of the twentieth century.

He offers to send to every reader who suffers from Eczema, Dermatitis, Psoriasis, Nettlerash (Urticaria), Acne, Bad Complexion Troubles, Boils, Sycosis (Barber's Rash), etc., full information FREE OF CHARGE as to how they can treat themselves simply and easily in the privacy of their own homes under a guarantee that—

YOUR SKIN TROUBLE WILL BE CLEARING UP FOR GOOD WITHIN 14 DAYS

OR YOU ARE NOT OBLIGATED TO A PENNY PIECE

Whatever your skin trouble and however it first started—whether it was some functional disorder, after-effects of other illness, worry, conditions of work or even heredity, the reason why it persists is IN YOUR BLOOD. Upon the health or otherwise of your blood depends the health of your skin. "Bad blood" is the root cause of a wide variety of "mysterious" rashes and eruptions, besides the more usual case of Eczema, Dermatitis, Psoriasis, etc.

Loaded With Poisons

When Ulcers form, they cannot heal when the blood that should feed the formation of healthy new skin is loaded with poisons and adds new impurities to the wound. At adolescence, too, and change of season, when the blood is spoken of as being "out of order," the toxins break to the surface in the form of pimples, boils, irritation and "mud-diness" with which sufferers are unfortunately so familiar.

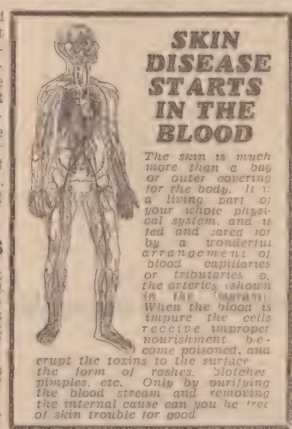
In order to conquer your skin trouble once and for all you must do more than "put something on it." You must remove the conditions that are causing it. You must get rid of every trace of poison now circulating through your arteries. And as the healthy blood removes and dissolves the toxic impurities now on the surface of your skin these must be banished and filtered out, too, so that the trouble does not recur.

Greatest Purifier Known

Every sufferer knows that Sulphur contains great blood-purifying properties. It is the basis of most skin-disorder treatments that are sold and has made the name of well-known Curative Spas and Hot Sulphur Springs. But just HOW GREAT its blood-purifying properties really are few people outside the medical profession realise.

For the amazing fact is this—the value of Sulphur depends upon the amount absorbed by the blood—AND NO ORDINARY SULPHUR OF ANY SORT, KIND OR DESCRIPTION CAN BE ASSIMILATED INTO THE BLOOD STREAM—WHERE IT IS WANTED—EXCEPT IN MINUTE AMOUNTS. All its wonderful reputation has been built up on a fraction of its real power!

Think what this means—ordinary elemental Sulphur that your blood can only take up in the minutest fractions has been in spite of the fact one of the most widely prescribed remedies for skin ailments. Imagine the vast power of healing that would be released if ALL, instead of a MEERE FRACTION of its power could be absorbed. Such a possibility has been one of the greatest of medical dreams. For many years in



every civilised country some of the greatest brains in medical research have tried to find a solution.

Medical Dream Realised

Now, under the name of "SIBSUL," this great discovery is here! The eminent Continental Chemist and Scientist, Jacob Ignatz Mrochem after fifteen years of experiment is now producing in England the first assimilable, soluble and digestible Sulphur ever known.

It means that you can now get the great healing and purifying power of more Sulphur into your blood in one day than you could before in months of treatment. It means that you can cleanse your system AT ONCE and for ever of all the slags, impurities and poisons that are now erupting to the surface of your skin and causing such disfigurement and suffering. Once more you can be as other men and women with a firm, fresh skin clear and healthy. No need to wait on and on, hoping for results—you can have success NOW—UNDER GUARANTEE.

30,000 Successes

If you will post the Form on the right, full particulars and all necessary information will be sent to you quite free, together with a written undertaking that you shall receive proof on your own body within fourteen days or not a penny to pay. Over 30,000 of Britain's worst and most chronic cases have already been conquered. You too can be free. Write now. Please send no money out if you care to enclose a 2d. stamp to cover cost of postage it will be greatly appreciated.



ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE

"... I am simply amazed at the rapidity of my cure. I have for three years past had a sore on the side of my face just at the top of my left cheek bone. Various doctors gave varying diagnoses, from a plain septic sore to a rodent ulcer, which I think it was... Within a week from starting Sibsul treatment it had improved tremendously. In two weeks the sore of the face was covered with clear healthy flesh... I cannot tell you how thankful I am that my wife saw your advertisement as I had almost given up hope of a cure. And when I consider how many pounds I have paid to various specialists who did no more than promise a cure which never materialised, it will give me great pleasure to recommend Sibsul and you may use my name as a reference." A. S. Fiddiman.

TREATMENT HAS DONE WHAT SPECIALISTS, DOCTORS AND CHEMISTS COULD NOT

"I am very pleased to say that my trouble has completely cleared up. My hands are free of the terrible dermatitis and am better in health than have been for years. Your treatment has done for me what skin specialists, doctors and chemists could not do. I am very grateful to you and shall recommend you to any person I come in contact with who has this trouble." J. P. Kordianbridge.

CHRONIC ECZEMA—A TOTHER'S GRATITUDE

"I cannot express my thanks of your wonderful cure, as my daughter improved every day she took your treatment. You would scarcely believe what a relief this was to me. The very first application made a slight itching sensation which soon disappeared and we have all been well ever since. I can honestly say your treatment is certainly worth the money and can understand why you guarantee same for it has done everything you said it would." H. W. Fiddiman.

CAN UNDERSTAND GUARANTEE DOES EVERYTHING YOU SAID

"I am very pleased to say that my trouble has completely cleared up. My hands are free of the terrible dermatitis and am better in health than have been for years. Your treatment has done for me what skin specialists, doctors and chemists could not do. I am very grateful to you and shall recommend you to any person I come in contact with who has this trouble." J. P. Kordianbridge.

IMPORTANT NOTE:

Following the unparalleled success of this epic discovery and its wide demand for so many cases of skin affliction, British sufferers will be glad to learn that Jacob Ignatz Mrochem's formulae are MADE IN ENGLAND by processes that are under the direct supervision of the celebrated Chemist-Discoverer.

FREE

POST THIS NOW IF YOU SUFFER FROM:
ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, ACNE
LEG TROUBLE, NETTLE-
RASH (URTICARIA)
IMPETIGO, DERMATITIS
BARBER'S RASH (SYCOSSIS)
PIMPLES AND BOILS

APPLICATION FORM

SOLUBLE SULPHUR LTD.,
60 STRAND LONDON W.C.2.
Without obligation please tell me how I can get my skin trouble cured under the terms of your Guarantee.

NAME (print in BLOCK Letters and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)
ADDRESS.....

NOTE—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage it will be greatly appreciated. The People 11/6/39



IT KEEPS MY LIVER LIVELY
IT KEEPS MY LIVER KEEN
I TAKE IT EVERY MORNING
IT'S GRAND, THIS
"LIVACLEAN"

How would you like to feel brimful of energy, bright and cheerful from getting-up till bed-time? All you need do is to wake up your lazy liver with a daily glass of refreshing, sparkling "Livaclean" Salt.

It not only works—it works marvels! Buy a tin today.



GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER of British make for A.C. or D.C. Mains. Cleans, polishes, restores, and shines all surfaces. Removes dirt, grease, and grime. Cleans, polishes, restores, and shines all surfaces. Removes dirt, grease, and grime.

5/-



Farr Talks About That Doyle Fight

By SECONDS OUT

TOMMY FARR, ONCE THE MOST UNPOPULAR BOXER IN ENGLAND, IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR. SINCE HE RETURNED FROM AMERICA TO BEAT RED BURMAN AND LARRY GAINS HE HAS BEEN GETTING NEARLY 600 LETTERS FROM FANS IN A WEEK.

But Tommy has a grouse. "Following the announcement of my fight with Braddock people have been saying I only want to meet semi-retired veterans. They are asking why I do not fight Jack London, Tommy Martin and one or two other Britons," he says.

"Moreover, I have been blamed for the breakdown in the negotiations for a fight between myself and Doyle. They say I asked for too much money."

"Well, since I'm being knocked I'm going to tell you the real facts."

"First of all, Braddock. People who say Jim is finished are nuts. He has been in charge of a physical culture class for five months now, and recently helped Lou Nova train for the Baer fight."

"Jim has a great heart and a fighter with a great heart is always dangerous. Didn't he put up a magnificent show against Joe Louis?"

"Braddock beat me—so the judges said—and then retired for a year, leaving me high and dry without a chance of revenge. That cost me plenty of money."

"Now I've got my chance and I'm taking it. I expect to win, but it's going to be a tough fight, make no mistake."

"Syd Hills would never have signed Braddock if the Doyle match had not fallen through. This was the way of things."

"A. J. Elvin, of Wembley, who has Doyle under contract, first of all offered me, through an agent, £24,500 or 33-1-3 per cent. of the gate. Later I saw Mr. Elvin and he repeated the offer."

THE CONTRACTS

WERE NOT READY

"I would have signed there and then but he had no contracts ready and we arranged to meet later."

"So last Saturday we got together again and the first thing he said was: 'I've cooled off.' He then offered me £2,500, saying that he would have to pay Doyle a similar amount."

"I was annoyed, of course, especially as the £2,500 was his idea in the first place. He compromised by adding 10 per cent. of 50 per cent. of the profits. I hit back by offering to sell him that share for £2,500."

"He would make no other offer and so the arrangements fell through and Syd Hills made the Braddock match. I know £2,500 is a lot of money, but I've got plenty anyway and prestige means more to me these days than pound notes."

Cupid Knocks Out Peter Kane

"I've heard it said I'm frightened of Doyle. I'm still laughing—it would be my easiest fight, and instead of falling through the top, he would probably vanish into thin air."

"That is Farr's story. Moreover, he denies rumours that the Braddock fight was only suggested to force Mr. Elvin's hand. 'Jim sails next Wednesday,' he told me, 'and I'll put it on myself if nobody else will.'"

PRESS CONFERENCE

TO BE HELD

Meanwhile the following message came to me through the post yesterday. It was from the Greyhound Racing Association, whose chief, General Critchley, arranged the recent Roderick-Armstrong fight.

"A SPECIAL PRESS CONFERENCE HAS BEEN CALLED BY GENERAL CRITCHLEY AND MR. A. J. ELVIN, BOTH OF WHOM WILL BE PRESENT, AT 4.30, MONDAY AFTERNOON. YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND."

A joint announcement about boxing will be made, but the exact nature of the business is not disclosed. The Sports Editor knows some of it, and he tells me it's big stuff.

It is not unlikely that a joint promotion in London will be discussed, and in that case the fight is likely to be Len Harvey v. Jack McAvoy for the British light-heavy title, and Jack Doyle and Eddie Phillips.

The Harvey-McAvoy fight was first fixed for June 15, but has been postponed twice since then. "Red Rose," our Northern boxing correspondent, says that there had been a possibility that it would be held at Anfield football ground, Liverpool, on July 20.

AS MENTIONED ABOVE, JACK LONDON, OF West Hartlepool, and Tommy Martin are two heavyweights who want to know why an American is to fight Farr. London has enlisted the help of his Mayor, Mr. W. H. E. Sparks, who has written to the Board of Control.

An unusual procedure, says the Mayor, but a sure way of emphasising London's claims.

Martin has protested to the Board through his manager Harry Levene. Still among the promoters make way for Dave Crowley. "I read," he says, "that

Peter Kane is to be married this month to Miss Margaret Dunne. This photograph was taken in London last week when they were on a shopping expedition. Peter is twenty-one and Margaret twenty.

Eric Boon, our light-weight champion, may fight Tony Canezoni on the Farr-Braddock bill and also wants to meet Ernie Roderick at 10 st. 4 lb.

I would like to make it clear that I have been nominated as Boon's challenger and it's up to him to fight me first. There is only nine days left for us to fix a date and venue, but the purse offers will be asked for by the Board.

"In any case, Canezoni has just been knocked out by Harris Blake, an unknown negro. The match would mean nothing."

"With regard to the suggested Roderick fight I would like to ask Boon if that means he can no longer make the light-weight limit comfortably?" adds Crowley.

"BROADSIDER" SAYS SCRAP THE TESTS!

LOUDER AND LOUDER GROWS THE CRY, "SCRAP THE TESTS." AFTER THE SORRY DISPLAY AT NEW CROSS DURING THE WEEK I SHOULD THINK THE AUTHORITIES WOULD BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO GET RID OF A SERIES OF MATCHES WHICH SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN REVIVED.

I—and others, too—had warned everybody that the Test Matches this season would be a "flop." Time after time it has been said that Australia are not strong enough to meet England.

The New Cross meeting supplied the answer. Australia were hopelessly outclassed, and on a night when Englishmen as Croombs, Eric Langton and Greatrex put up very moderate displays!

And the crowd was apathetic too. Surely it was the smallest there has ever been at a Test match! And what there was of them could hardly raise a cheer. Maybe the Royal meeting at West Ham the night before, the interest and the purses, but that's doubtful.

The public will pay to see the best riders. If more of them, the English and Eric Chitty have to sit in the stances while a ragged England team trounces an even worse Australian side, then the public is entitled to stay away. And that's just what the folk are doing.

There's going to be a lot of these Tests. Why six, anyway? Why not make it a couple of dozen and put on a Test at every track in the country?

I feel sorry for those tracks who have to stage later Tests. I should think the local fans will go to the pictures on those nights!

As Tests, they just aren't. If you know why I mean, I think I could give you a Second Division English side that would give Australia a good run! I have no objection to Australia being England's best, but don't call them Tests, for goodness sake!

And here's another thing I cannot understand. Permission is granted to stage a warm-out England v. Australia series, but Second Division England matches against Canada are not allowed!

Surely a Canadian team with men like Chitty, Gibb, and Pepper would be an attractive proposition. They would certainly live up to the interest in the Second Division. Really, these speedway people are guessing times, and I thought I knew all about them.

Test, though. The numbered riders experiment was a complete success. Even the double figure men were easily discernible. Others, please copy.

WIMBLEDON'S NEW EVENT

Wimbledon, famous for its tennis honours, has now won their last four matches in the competition and should make it five when they meet Southampton tomorrow night. Rarely have the "Dons" had such a long spell of success and it is a credit to the management of the club.

After the League match, Wimbledon will have a home match with the "Speedway Laurels," for which the Press have selected Lamoreaux, the two Milnes, Kitchen, Duggan, Atkinson, Langton and Jack Parker.

Ken Frank was among our original selection. During the season, he has been in the form of the "Laurels," an entirely new idea, and consists of a knock-out series of many races, and two men are left to compete in the final.

Next Sunday, Wimbledon have a charity cricket match against the Press. Proceeds will go towards a fund to give poor children of the district a day at the seaside. Your humble scribe is down to play! But more of that next week.

Talking of the League Championship just now, have you noticed how Wembley are streaking away? Eleven points in seven matches is some going, especially when it looked as if the light would be between New Cross and West Ham.

But New Cross have cracked. League champions last season, they won a match in the competition this time. West Ham have rather spoiled things. The home defeat of their other night was their first in the League for nearly three years. And the team that did the trick in 1936 was Wembley!

West Ham did even worse in the return match at Wembley, than as a result of all this it is not difficult to foresee several sweeping changes in the Hammers' team. It is not easy to see Johnny Hoskins bring down men from his other tracks to help the "Hammer." What price George Pepper, of Newcastle, riding

Calling All Cars—

By Cecil Hadley



92, Long Acre, London, W.C.

In these days, when a hasty word can be the spark to set all Europe alight and plunge the millions into the horrors and griefs of a war, it is welcome news to know that, after all, Miss Alice Marble is to wear shorts at Wimbledon.

It is that little subtle touch of mine that makes this page so brilliant.

—♦—♦—♦—

But just think of the plight of the United States. Markets slipping, over eleven million unemployed, and rival factions fighting in the trade union world. A Budget deficit of £750,000,000, big business concerns groaning under the stress and strain of New Deal legislation which penalises them heavily and curtails their liberties.

And film producer Darryl Zanuck's favourite dish every day is a coconut custard pie.

It is that subtle little touch that makes—Sorry, I said that before, didn't I?

—♦—♦—♦—

A meeting which may be a milestone in the history of boxing in England takes place in London to-morrow.

I must not try to anticipate that meeting, but one thing I can say. Boxer's purses are coming down considerably, and there is going to be no more playing off one promoter against another.

And no more of the "I want so much or I don't fight." They won't get the lights.

Names Do Amuse, Don't They?

AS I write this, someone has just announced on the radio "Night of Gladness by Ancliffe, arranged by Winterbottom."

Can't tell you why, I just laughed. Names get me that way. I've seen A. Jymson-Harmon in the paper hundreds of times, but I can't help it. Christine Joyce Slade is another, and so is Mr. Goss Oustard.

If Shakespeare had written instead, "Now is the winterbottom of our discontent," the name would have meant nothing to me.

—♦—♦—♦—

I had a marvellous round of golf the other day, or rather, to be exact, nine holes.

At the first tee there was a liqueur brandy and coffee waiting, and at every other green refreshments, soft and hard, all laid out in the rain huts, and at the ninth a cup of tea.

Isn't that grand golf, seniors?

In case you are getting all keyed up about it, let me say it won't happen again.

—♦—♦—♦—

Want To Spend Money Well?

HERE is a dog story.

A woman heard a setter barking stridently on a piece of waste ground. She went towards the spot and the setter came to meet her and then led her back to a badly injured terrier. The little fellow was treated and healed at an animal's clinic, its owner found, and a joyful reunion followed.

The point of this little tale is that Tuesday is the Joint Animal Flag Day in London, and if you kindly give something it will be spent on grand work of this kind.

—♦—♦—♦—

TRYING OUT YOUNGSTERS

And several promising youngsters are being rushed along, too. Buck Whitby Gilbert Craven, and two or three others are all to give a trial to the view to putting them in the League side.

Another possible change at West Ham is a new sign for the programme cover. Norman Parker of Harringway and Norman Parker of Harringway seem to have hit upon something useful. He has devised a sort of shield which goes over the lower portion of the back wheel. This

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But "Bluey" works his way through the lingo, and he's making a mess of it. He doesn't need it when he's talking to Ernie Evans, "Bronco" Dixon and Stan Williams.

Hint to the "Per Fine Ounce" Boys

THIS is Ascot week. I only mention it to stop the B.B.C. people yawning.

It would be too jolly if, while they are spattering the place with tears over the fate of the Dutch florin and the price of bar gold per fine ounce (don't forget the "per fine ounce," Ted), the B.B.C. News Department forgot to tell us about the Rori Hernt Kerp and the Esut Gerd Kerp.

One of these days the B.B.C. may ("may," I said) put the financial items at the end of the news bulletin. Nobody wants them, anyway. The few people concerned are obliged to know them hours and hours earlier.

—♦—♦—♦—

Talking about sport (that Black Sheep with the B.B.C. News Department), did you hear the announcement postpone the racing and cricket results on Monday night so that an American economist could tell us the prices of U.S. cotton 40 years ago?

Wonderful, ain't it?

—♦—♦—♦—

For the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton Auntie Nellie wore her "comet" suit in lime green crepe with little black comets dashing all over the jacket and knife-pleated skirt.

The only thing that spoiled her ensemble was the mutton and yellow striped silk in her hair. It didn't blend at all well.

—♦—♦—♦—

And The Great Big World Keeps Turning

Mr. J. G. F. Milbank, son of Sir Frederick Milbank, who farms at Hauxteds, near Barningham, began haymaking yesterday.

(Provincial newspaper.)

—♦—♦—♦—

I had a marvellous round of golf the other day, or rather, to be exact, nine holes.

At the first tee there was a liqueur brandy and coffee waiting, and at every other green refreshments, soft and hard, all laid out in the rain huts, and at the ninth a cup of tea.

Isn't that grand golf, seniors?

In case you are getting all keyed up about it, let me say it won't happen again.

—♦—♦—♦—

Want To Spend Money Well?

HERE is a dog story.

A woman heard a setter barking stridently on a piece of waste ground. She went towards the spot and the setter came to meet her and then led her back to a badly injured terrier. The little fellow was treated and healed at an animal's clinic, its owner found, and a joyful reunion followed.

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Mr. Hook Gets Hooked Off

WHICH reminds me that of the Three Million Gang you won't be hearing anything of Mr. Hook, of Liphook, for seven days.

Hook came up to town on his darts club outing and, apparently, he got elephants. The rest of the story you can gather from this dialogue in the Strand:

"Go-on. Now, move along."

"You can't order me about—I'm a Giant Panda."

"I don't care if you are Stonehenge. Just move along, or I'll run you inside. We've got a lovely place for blokes what think they are the Giant Panda. Now scram."

"But I want to sing."

"Maybe, but you'd better not."

"I tell you I'm going to sing—"

"Panda Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free, How shall I—"

"Oh, all right, then—you won't be told. Cummerrlongerme."

After the magistrate had asked his usual silly question, "What is a Giant Panda?" and the court had laughed, poor Hook was given 20s. or seven days. The 20s. being out of the question—

—♦—♦—♦—

Dirty Work. Yes, Sir

WHEN Field-Marshal Lorne Bartram invited me to dinner to see speedway roller skating (our new-come in sport) at Harringay, your Nunky Cecil, for once, did not know the answer.

I knew, of course, how to have dinner, but I knew not what one dressed in for speedway roller skating. There seemed to be these alternatives:

(1) Check cap, muffler and hob-nailed boots.

(2) Ten-gallon hat and a couple of guns in my belt.

(3) Dye my hair sandy and slip.

(4) Shorts, sailor hat, spade and pail.

What an incredible sport this is, I saw ten stand-up fights and don't assume they were fakelino fisto because the referee was taken in en route in one battle and had the inside of his face cut with a snappy right.

It didn't matter where the skaters were, on the track or off, a couple would be sure to start a battle and they would continue walloping each other long after they had fallen flat on the floor, while any attendants who came to separate the war would be served alike to show there was no class distinction.

The outstanding character seemed to be "Fighting" Cazar (programme definition, not mine), who wouldn't be left out of any scrap that was going, although there wasn't much need, because he was in on the beginning of the fight.

Incidentally, in a class of his own. I went along as a scoffer: I left something of an addict, because these fellows are amazingly brilliant on the

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FROM THE LINES, AND HEADLINES

GOLFER HAS DONE 16 HOLES IN ONE

How lovely to see the little ball dashing round the course, in a hole, out again, in another, etc.

I know you are going to say I invented this one.

YAWN LEADS TO B.B.C. POST

No, ducks, it was straight up.

Letter to a heart-throbbist column:

"Two years ago we were great friends. He never told me he loved me, but his manner told that he did. Then he went abroad and we did not correspond. Now he is back, and though he has not yet renewed the friendship I still feel perfectly certain that he loves me. Can you explain this?—MYSTIFIED (Middlebrough)."

Can't say his heart is torn with a frenzy, and his love a burning passion, can you, "Mystified"? Hang around the Leap Year and then do your stuff.

"I have heard of a silly superstition that if two people are photographed together they will not be married. I refuse to be photographed with my fiancé. I don't know the attitude of the store, but I can't get it out of my head. Is there anything in it?—ANNIE (Aldershot)."

Well, dear, you asked it yourself, so you've no come-back.

Just to vary the type of stuff, we turn to the latest story we have read for a long time.

It appears a girl has a feeling for a speedway rider, which is her affair, anyway and is no business of ours. But we dear old ewishweird, golly toothless gangsters, who have been using this world more than a little, are asked to believe that the girl would become engaged to her boy if he won a certain number of points on a certain night.

And if he didn't she wouldn't, we must assume. Let's pass on with the remark: "How is it these things get into the papers?"

—♦—♦—♦—

And now a great cricket mystery:—

"For just one day, too, the Oval is given over entirely to women's cricket. This summer the women's match comes on July 22, when the Rest of England meet the Touring side for Australia in a two days' Test."

And some durn mathematician once said two into one won't go!

track, make no error about that. There is also a team of girls, but they mean about as much as cold cabbage, except to give the men a rest.

As regards the behaviour of some of the skaters, three times in the first half I saw men do a most despicable and reprehensible action, and one skater rolled off the track in agony. I can't go into further detail. This will be stopped, I was assured.

It was put over with American ingenuity and slickness, including an ambulance man and first-aid nurse stationed in the middle, but there was no operating theatre that I could see.

Cazar twice had to go into the penalty box (also in full view on the track), and to make it picturesque his girl partner sat in with him and patted his head, gave him a glass of water and wiped his brow. Showman, all right.

Whether it is healthy for London's youngsters is another matter. I noticed the usual crowd of girl adolescents I see at the speedway and ice hockey, and showing signs of the same hysteria. You know what I mean.

Conducted by
"The Chatterbox"

100-443886-100

Right Cricket, with balls and wicket
painted with phosphorus. And the right
atmosphere to fall asleep!

ing duties of a manager again. Those in the game won't blame him for that, for if anything goes wrong with the team nowadays it is always the manager who has to suffer.

MADE BY Carreras—150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

LL the novel ideas in sport don't come from America—or England. Remember my story the other day of the captain who played cricket with black stumps. The latest craze in South Africa is M. J. G. with a...

He was in a paper-mill, then moved to Blackpool—where he was a stage crooner! After a football spell with Blackpool he returned to his old job to play for Gillingham. Two years later he was signed by the Spurs, but never received little chance of recognition.

CIGARETTES
Start enjoying them today
MADE BY Carreras—150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

WHITE CITY
SATURDAY NEXT: SEMI-FINALS
GREYHOUND DERBY

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SATURDAY NEXT: SEMI-FINALS
GREYHOUND DERBY

WINNERS AT ASCOT PILOT KNOWS ROYAL HUNT CUP

PILOT the king of turf advisers has some GRAND INFORMATION for the

one of the best things he has ever known: also TWO OTHER BIG CONTEMPLATED COUPS. He has sent out over 20 GRAND WINNERS THIS SEASON, all advertised and proofed to leading Newspapers before racing. No matter what you pay or whom you try you cannot receive better information. He says BIG MONEY TO KNOW. Following Ascot at WINDSOR ON THE SATURDAY another SURPRISE WINNER is definitely promised. One like PETER KANE won 9-1 sent out for the Lincolnton Handicap at Kempton.

NO MONEY TO SEND

You can share in this great money-winning information if you send TWO STAMPEDED ADDRESSED ENVELOPES for 3d. in stamp with your promise to pay the odds to 1/- only over each winner sent to you. HE IN THE MONEY.

PILOT (Box W.), Northwood, Beverly Yorks.

GENUINE S.P. JOBS

Advertiser directly connected having the actual Commission to place from two down quarters at Ascot, Newmarket, and other leading racecourses. This information represents carefully planned S.P. orders and long-proven winners which would be sent to you occasionally without extra charge. Don't miss this exceptional offer of participating in these genuine and profitable betting propositions. Applicants will receive a nice winner for Ascot with Mr. B., 2, Glen Terrace, Newmarket.

SOMETHING 'ENTIRELY NEW' AMAZING CONSISTENCY

I HONESTLY DO CONSIDER THIS INFALLIBLE ONE SELECTION PER RACE

| | Winners | Placed | Unplaced |
|--------------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| 1934 | 54 | 8 | 5 |
| 1935 | 58 | 9 | 8 |
| 1936 | 45 | 15 | 12 |
| 1937 | 57 | 10 | 6 |
| 1938 | 57 | 9 | 7 |
| TOTAL | 271 | 51 | 38 |

Above service will be sent in private sealed letter **ABSOLUTELY FREE** to all my wire subscribers. To date this season, going to press, my wire results are:—

★ ONE HORSE PER RACE ★

33 WIRES **24 WINNERS**

Longest losing run this year in any one week is three. Unsolicited testimonials from bookmakers also "entirely new" to many backers of horses.

(1) To A. SIMMONDS, Esq., December, 1938. Dear Sir, I am enclosing your statement, I much regret to advise you that I am reluctantly compelled to close all the accounts opened by you under the name of de-ville, and I shall therefore be unable to accept any further bets from you as from today (Monday).

With compliments, Yours faithfully, J. B. SIMMONDS, Esq.

Dear Sir, I regret as your account is not a paying proposition I must close same from today. Yours faithfully, J. B. SIMMONDS, Esq.

We enclose your account together with our cheque in settlement, and take this opportunity of thanking you for past patronage. Yours faithfully, SPECIAL NOTICE.—Many more of these testimonials, which, like my figures above, have all been checked and found in order by The Sporting Life.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS: "Sunday Chronicle," June 5, 1939.

"BOOKIES BAR MAN WHO ALWAYS WINS," but he keeps his system a secret. "Daily Express," June 6, 1939.

£30,000 TURNOVER

"No. 1 above, I was nearly £2,000 from this firm. Other bookmakers have since given up betting with me because they said it was unprofitable."

I AM NOT SURPRISED EITHER!

In my circular, I fearfully reveal my evidence "Sworn on oath" in The High Courts, re sensational bet of 1938. Full particulars: ALBERT SIMMONDS, (my proper name), 37, GOLDEN SQUARE, PICCADILLY, W.1.

TWELVE WIRES 50/-, NO OTHER TERMS

WARNING: Persons using my name and operating from any address other than the above are impostors.

HARRY BIRKETT LTD.

Members of R.P.A., Turf Guardian Society, N.S.L. for a CREDIT ACCOUNT. Excellent Service and Terms. DOGS: FORECASTS, TRAP NUMBERS, FIRST FAVS. ALL ACCEPTED. HORSES: 1st, 2nd and 3rd favs. ACCEPTED.

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MORE HASTE

LESS SPEED

RICHARDS ARRIVES BY PLANE—LATE!

LATE arrival of his plane cost Gordon Richards a winning ride at Gatwick yesterday. Apparently the pilot mistook his instructions and went to Heston instead of Marlow, with the result that the champion jockey did not arrive on the course until shortly before 2.30 p.m.

In the first race he was to have ridden Sunshine Lady, who started favourite, but was unplaced, brother Chiff taking the mount. In the next race Gordon should have ridden Perfect Knight, who also started favourite, and gave Pat Beasley a lucky winning mount.

GATWICK

2.0—HOLLYBUSH SELLING PLATE (Two-Year-Olds—6 furlongs).

THINK TWICE P (Capt. Starkey), 8-11. BLACKSHAW, 1-1. ODD SPOT (Mr. R. Dick), 9-0. J. Marshall, 2-1. LOP EAR P (Mr. A. Sainsbury), 8-11. E. Smith, 2-1. Also ran: Flery Maid (T. Weston), Sunshine Lady (C. Richards), Rima (T. Haverford), Dunna (J. Smith), Freedom (W. Hickley), Blarney (T. Weston), Miss Fortune (H. Packham), Convent (B. H. Wigg), Fireweed (P. Beasley), Rouge Belle (D. Butcher), Adoration (M. Beary).

Off 2.7. Trained by D. Waugh, Newmarket. Betting: 11-4 Sunshine Lady, 5-1. Fireweed, Adoration, 11-3 Miss Fortune, Rouge Belle, 10-8. The Odd Spot, Freedom, 1-20. THINK TWICE P, 2-1. Total: 119/3-6. Places: 14/6-10; 8/6; 12/4-2.

2.30—SALFORDS THREE-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE—1 mile.

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